

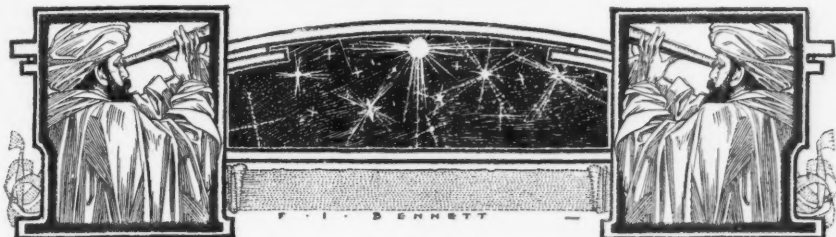
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## The Things that Live on Mars

A DESCRIPTION, BASED UPON SCIENTIFIC REASONING, OF THE  
FLORA AND FAUNA OF OUR NEIGHBORING PLANET, IN CON-  
FORMITY WITH THE VERY LATEST ASTRONOMICAL REVELATIONS

By H. G. Wells

Illustrated by William R. Leigh



WHAT sort of inhabitants may Mars possess?

To this question I gave a certain amount of attention some years ago when I was preparing a story called "The War of the Worlds," in which the Martians are supposed to attack the earth; but since that time much valuable work has been done upon that planet, and one comes to this question again with an ampler equipment of information, and prepared to consider it from new points of view.

Particularly notable and suggestive in the new literature of the subject is the work of my friend, Mr. Percival Lowell, of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, to whose publications, and especially his "Mars and its Canals," I am greatly indebted. This book contains a full statement of the case, and a very convincing case it is, not only for the belief that Mars is

habitable, but that it is inhabited by creatures of sufficient energy and engineering science to make canals beside which our greatest human achievements pale into insignificance. He does not, however, enter into any speculation as to the form or appearance of these creatures, whether they are human, quasi-human, supermen, or creatures of a shape and likeness quite different from our own. Necessarily such an inquiry must be at present a speculation of the boldest description, a high imaginative flight. But at the same time it is by no means an unconditioned one. We are bound by certain facts and certain considerations. We are already forbidden by definite knowledge to adopt any foolish fantastic hobgoblin or any artistic ideal that comes into our heads and call it a Martian. Certain facts about Mars we definitely know, and we are not entitled to imagine any Martians that are not in accordance with these facts.

When one speaks of Martians one is apt

## The Things that Live on Mars

to think only of those canal-builders, those beings who, if we are to accept Mr. Lowell's remarkably well-sustained conclusions, now irrigate with melting polar snows and cultivate what were once the ocean-beds of their drying planet. But after all they cannot live there alone; they can be but a part of the natural history of Mars in just the same way that man is but a part of the natural history of the earth. They must have been evolved from other related types, and so we must necessarily give our attention to the general flora and fauna of this world we are invading in imagination before we can hope to deal at all reasonably with the ruling species.

### DOES LIFE EXIST ON MARS?

And, firstly, will there be a flora and fauna at all? Is it valid to suppose that upon Mars we should find the same distinction between vegetable and animal that we have upon the earth? For the affirmative answer to that an excellent case can be made. The basis upon which all life rests on this planet is the green plant. The green plant alone is able to convert really dead inorganic matter into living substance, and this it does, as everybody knows nowadays, by the peculiar virtue of its green coloring matter, chlorophyl, in the presence of sunshine. All other animated things live directly or indirectly upon the substance of green-leaved plants. Either they eat vegetable food directly, or they eat it indirectly by eating other creatures which live on vegetable food. Now upon this earth it is manifest that nature has tried innumerable experiments and made countless beginnings. Yet she has never produced any other means than chlorophyl whereby inorganic matter, that is to say, soil and minerals and ingredients out of the air, can be built up into living matter. It is plausible, therefore, to suppose that on Mars also, if there is life, chlorophyl will lie at the base of the edifice; in other words, that there will be a vegetable kingdom. And our supposition is greatly strengthened by the fact upon which Mr. Lowell lays stress, that, as the season which corresponds to our spring arrives, those great areas of the Martian surface that were once ocean-beds are suffused with a distinct bluish green hue. It is not the yellow-green of a leafing poplar or oak-tree; it is the bluish green of a springtime pine.

This all seems to justify us in assuming a flora at least upon Mars, a green vegetable kingdom after the fashion of our earthly one. Let us ask now how far we may assume likeness. Is an artist justified in drawing grass and wheat, oaks and elms and roses in a Martian landscape? Is it probable that evolution has gone upon exactly parallel lines on the two planets? Well, here again we have definite facts upon which to base our answer. We know enough to say that the vegetable forms with which we are familiar upon the earth would not "do," as people say, on Mars, and we can even indicate in general terms in what manner they would differ. They would not do because, firstly, the weight of things at the surface of Mars is not half what it would be upon the earth, and, secondly, the general atmospheric conditions are very different. Whatever else they may be the Martian herbs and trees must be adapted to these conditions.

### PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF THE MARTIAN FLORA

Let us inquire how the first of these two considerations will make them differ. The force of gravity upon the surface of their planet is just three-eighths of its force upon this earth; a pound of anything here would weigh six ounces upon Mars. Therefore the stem or stalk that carries the leaves and flowers of a terrestrial plant would be needlessly and wastefully stout and strong upon Mars; the Martian stems and stalks will all be slenderer and finer and the texture of the plant itself laxer. The limit of height and size in terrestrial plants is probably determined largely by the work needed to raise nourishment from the roots to their topmost points. That work would be so much less upon Mars that it seems reasonable to expect bigger plants there than any that grow upon the earth.

Larger, slighter, slenderer; is that all we can say? No, for we have still to consider the difference in the atmosphere. This is thinner upon Mars than it is upon the earth, and it has less moisture, for we hardly ever see thick clouds there, and rain must be infrequent. Snow occurs nearly everywhere all the year round, but the commonest of all forms of precipitation upon Mars would seem to be dew and hoar frost. Now the shapes of leaves with which we are most familiar are largely determined by rainfall,



A JUNGLE OF BIG, SLENDER, STALKY, LAX-TEXTURED, FLOOD-FED PLANTS WITH A  
SORT OF INSECT LIFE FLUTTERING AMIDST THE VEGETATION

by the need of supporting the hammering of raindrops and of guiding the resulting moisture downward and outward to the rootlets below. To these chief necessities we owe the handlike arrangement of the maple- and chestnut-leaf and the beautiful tracery of fibers that forms their skeletons. These leaves are admirable in rain but ineffectual against snow and frost; snow crushes them down, frost destroys them, and with the approach of winter they are shed. But the Martian tree-leaf will be more after the fashion of a snowfall-meeting leaf, spiky perhaps like the pine-tree needle. Only, unlike the pine-tree needle, it has to meet not a snowy winter but a dry, frost-bitten, sunless winter, and then probably it will shrivel and fall. And since the great danger for a plant in a dry air is desiccation, we may expect these Martian leaves to have thick cuticles, just as the cactus has. Moreover, since moisture will come to the Martian plant mainly from below in seasonal floods from the melting of the snow-caps, and not as rain from above, the typical Martian plant will probably be tall and have its bunches and clusters of spiky bluish green leaves upon uplifting reedy stalks.

Of course there will be an infinite variety of species of plants upon Mars as upon the earth, but these will be the general characteristics of the vegetation.

#### THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Now this conception of the Martian vegetation as mainly a jungle of big, slender, stalky, lax-textured, flood-fed plants with a great shock of fleshy, rather formless leaves above, and no doubt with as various a display of flowers and fruits as our earthly flora, prepares the ground for the consideration of the Martian animals. It is a matter of common knowledge nowadays how closely related is the structure of every animal to the food it consumes. Different food, different animals, has almost axiomatic value, and the very peculiar nature of the Martian flora is in itself sufficient to dispel the idea of our meeting beasts with any close analogy to terrestrial species. We shall find no flies nor sparrows nor dogs nor cats on Mars. But we shall probably find a sort of insect life fluttering high amidst the vegetation, and breeding during the summer heats in the flood-water below. In the winter it will encyst and hibernate. Its dimensions may be a little bigger than those

ruling among the terrestrial insecta; but the mode of breathing by tracheal tubes, which distinguishes insects, very evidently (and very luckily for us) sets definite limits to insect size. Perhaps these limits are the same upon Mars. We cannot tell. Perhaps they are even smaller; the thinner air may preclude even the developments we find upon the earth in that particular line. Still there is plenty of justification if an artist were to draw a sort of butterfly or moth fluttering about, or antlike creatures scampering up and down the stems of a Martian jungle. Many of them perhaps will have sharp hard proboscides to pierce the tough cuticle of the plants.

#### NO FISH ON THE PLANET

But, and here is a curious difference, there are perhaps no fish or fishlike creatures on Mars at all. In the long Martian winter all the water seems either to drift to the poles and freeze there as snow or to freeze as ice along the water-courses; there are only flood-lakes and water-canals in spring and summer. And forms of life that trusted to gills or any method of under-water breathing must have been exterminated upon Mars ages ago. On earth the most successful air-breathing device is the lung. Lungs carry it universally. Only types of creatures that are fitted with lungs manage to grow to any considerable size out of water in our world. Even the lobsters and scorpions and spiders and such like large crustacean and insect-like forms that come up into the air can do so only by sinking their gills into deep pits to protect them from evaporation and so producing a sort of inferior imitation of a lung. Then and then only can they breathe without their breathing - organs drying up. The Martian air is thinner and drier than ours, and we conclude therefore that there is still more need than on earth for well-protected and capacious lungs. It follows that the Martian fauna will run to large chests. And the lowest types of large beast there will be amphibious creatures which will swim about and breed in the summer waters and bury themselves in mud at the approach of winter. Even these may have been competed out of existence by air-inhaling swimmers. That is the fate our terrestrial amphibia seem to be undergoing at the present time.

Here then is one indication for a picture of a Martian animal: it must be built with





THE SAME REASON THAT WILL MAKE THE VEGETATION LAXER AND FLIMSIER WILL MAKE  
THE FORMS OF THE MARTIAN ANIMAL KINGDOM LAXER AND FLIMSIER AND  
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## The Things that Live on Mars

more lung space than the corresponding terrestrial form. And the same reason that will make the vegetation laxer and flimsier will make the forms of the Martian animal kingdom laxer and flimsier and either larger or else slenderer than earthly types.

Much that we have already determined comes in here again to help us to further generalizations. Since the Martian vegetation will probably run big and tall, there will be among these big-chested creatures climbing forms and leaping and flying forms, all engaged in seeking food among its crests and branches. And a thing cannot leap or fly without a well-placed head and good eyes. So an imaginative artist may put in head and eyes, and the mechanical advantages of a fore-and-aft arrangement of the body are so great that it is difficult to suppose them without some sort of backbone. Since the Martian vegetation has become adapted to seasonal flood conditions there will be not only fliers and climbers but waders—long-legged forms. Well, here we get something—fliers, climbers, and waders, with a sort of backbone.

### CLIMATIC CONDITIONS

Now let us bring in another fact, the fact that the Martian year is just twice the length of ours and alternates between hot summer sunshine, like the sunshine we experience on high mountains, and a long, frost-bitten winter. The day, too, has the length of a terrestrial day, and because of the thin air will have just the quick changes from heat to cold we find on this planet on the high mountains. This means that all these birds and beasts must be adapted to great changes of temperature. To meet that they must be covered with some thick, air-holding, non-conducting covering, something analogous to fur or feathers, which they can molt or thin out in summer and renew for the winter's bitterness. This is much more probable than that they will be scaly or bare-skinned like our earthly lizards and snakes; and since they will need to have fur or down outside their frameworks, their skeletons, which will be made up of very light slender bones, will probably be within. Moreover, the chances are that they will be fitted with the best known contrivances for protecting their young in the earliest stages from cold and danger. On earth the best known arrangement is the one that prevails among most of the higher land

animals, the device of bringing forth living young at a high stage of development. This is the "hard life" arrangement as distinguished from the easy-going, sunshiny, tropical, lay-an-egg-and-leave-it method, and Martian conditions are evidently harder than ours. So these big-chested, furry or feathery or downy Martian animals will probably be very like our mammalia in these respects. All this runs off easily and plausibly from the facts we know.

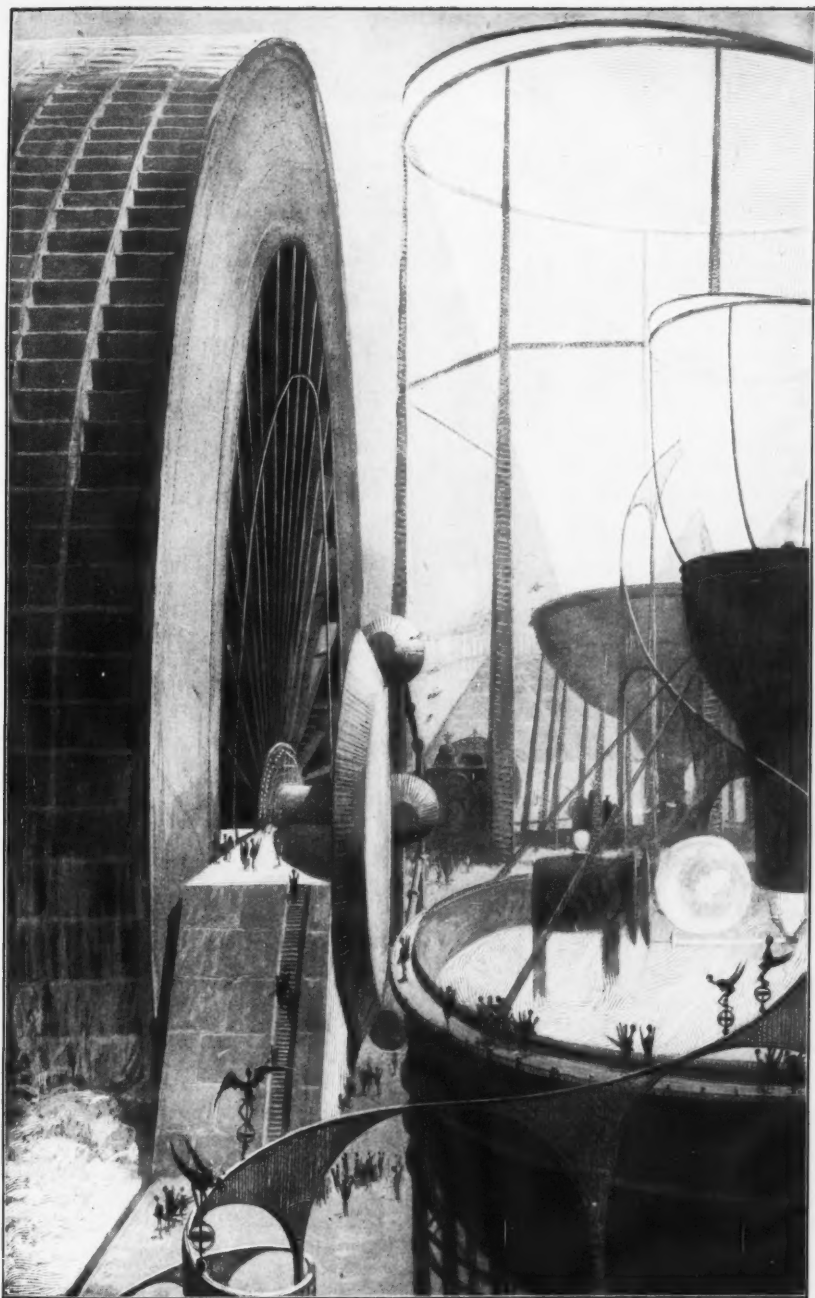
### THE RULING INHABITANTS

And now we are in a better position to consider those ruling inhabitants who made the gigantic canal-system of Mars, those creatures of human or superhuman intelligence, who, unless Mr. Lowell is no more than a fantastic visionary, have taken Mars in hand to rule and order and cultivate systematically and completely, as I believe some day man will take this earth. Clearly these ruling beings will have been evolved out of some species or other of those mammal-like animals, just as man has been evolved from among the land animals of this globe. Perhaps they will have exterminated all those other forms of animal life as man is said to be exterminating all the other forms of animal life here. I have written above of floods and swamps and jungles to which life has adapted itself, but perhaps that stage is over now upon Mars altogether. It must have been a long and life-molding stage, but now it may be at an end. Mr. Lowell, judging by the uniform and orderly succession of what he calls the "fallow" brown and then of the bluish green tints upon the low-lying areas of Mars, is inclined to think that this is the case and that all the fertile area of the planet has been reclaimed from nature and is under cultivation.

### HOW LIKE TERRESTRIAL HUMANITY?

How far are these beings likely to resemble terrestrial humanity?

There are certain features in which they are likely to resemble us. The quasi-mammalian origin we have supposed for them implies a quasi-human appearance. They will probably have heads and eyes and backboned bodies, and since they must have big brains, because of their high intelligence, and since almost all creatures with big brains tend to have them forward in their heads near their eyes, these Martians will



CONDITIONS ON MARS ARE SUCH THAT THE INHABITANTS COULD UTILIZE THE DIRECT ENERGY OF THE SUN'S RAYS TO DRIVE MACHINERY FOR FILLING THE CANALS

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## The Things that Live on Mars

probably have big shapely skulls. But they will in all likelihood be larger in size than humanity two and two-thirds times the mass of a man, perhaps. That does not mean, however, that they will be two and two-thirds times as tall, but, allowing for the laxer texture of things on Mars, it may be that they will be half as tall again when standing up. And as likely as not they will be covered with feathers or fur. I do not know, I do not know if anyone knows, why man, unlike the generality of mammals, is a bare-skinned animal. I can find, however, no necessary reason to make me believe the Martians are bare-skinned.

Will they stand up or go on four legs or six? I know of no means of answering that question with any certainty. But there are considerations that point to the Martian's being a biped. There seems to be a general advantage in a land-going animal having four legs; it is the prevailing pattern on earth, and even among the insects there is often a tendency to suppress one pair of the six legs and use only four for going. However, this condition is by no means universal. A multitude of types, like the squirrel, the rat, and the monkey, can be found which tend to use the hind legs chiefly for walking and to sit up and handle things with the fore limbs. Such species tend to be exceptionally intelligent. There can be no doubt of the immense part the development of the hand has played in the education of the human intelligence. So that it would be quite natural to imagine the Martians as big-headed, deep-chested bipeds, grotesquely caricaturing humanity with arms and hands.

But that is only one of several almost equally plausible possibilities. One thing we may rely upon: the Martians must have *some* prehensile organ, primarily because the development of intelligence is almost unthinkable without it, and, secondly, because in no other way could they get their engineering done. It is stranger to our imaginations, but no less reasonable, to suppose, instead of a hand, an elephant-like proboscis, or a group of tentacles or proboscis-like organs. Nature has a limitless imagination, never repeats exactly, and perhaps, after all, the chances lie in the direction of a greater unlikeness to the human shape than these forms I have ventured to suggest.

How wild and extravagant all this reads!

One tries to picture feather-covered men nine or ten feet tall, with proboscides and several feet, and one feels a kind of disgust of the imagination. Yet wild and extravagant as these dim visions of unseen creatures may seem, it is logic and ascertained fact that forces us toward the belief that *some such creatures are living now*. And, after all has the reader ever looked at a cow and tried to imagine how it would feel to come upon such a creature with its knobs and horns and queer projections suddenly for the first time?

### MARTIAN CIVILIZATION

I have purposely abstained in this paper from going on to another possibility of Martian life. Man on this earth has already done much to supplement his bodily deficiencies with artificial aids—clothes, boots, tools, corsets, false teeth, false eyes, wigs, armor, and so forth. The Martians are probably far more intellectual than men and more scientific, and beside their history the civilization of humanity is a thing of yesterday. What may they not have contrived in the way of artificial supports, artificial limbs, and the like?

Finally, here is a thought that may be reassuring to any reader who finds these Martians alarming. If a man were transferred suddenly to the surface of Mars he would find himself immensely exhilarated so soon as he had got over a slight mountain-sickness. He would weigh not one-half what he does upon the earth, he would prance and leap, he would lift twice his utmost earthly burden with ease. But if a Martian came to the earth his weight would bear him down like a cope of lead. He would weigh two and two-thirds times his Martian weight, and he would probably find existence insufferable. His limbs would not support him. Perhaps he would die, self-crushed, at once. When I wrote "The War of the Worlds," in which the Martians invade the earth, I had to tackle this difficulty. It puzzled me for a time, and then I used that idea of mechanical aids, and made my Martians mere bodiless brains with tentacles, subsisting by suction without any digestive process and carrying their weight about, not on living bodies but on wonderfully devised machines. But for all that, as a reader here and there may recall, terrestrial conditions were in the end too much for them.



## Professor Todd's Own Story of the Mars Expedition

First Article Published from the Pen of the Leader of the Party of Observation

By David Todd

*Director of the Amherst College Observatory*



**A**S a very young astronomer, I took no interest in Mars. Jupiter was my especial planet, because I had first seen his moons through a bit of telescope which, at fourteen, I put together with my own hands, and I kept on observing the satellites for years thereafter. A fascinating planet he is, too—none more so than Jupiter.

But in 1877 my attention was turned toward Mars at opposition, quite accidentally. I had graduated from college two years before, and was serving an astronomical apprenticeship at the Washington Observatory, when Professor Hall announced one August morning that he had found a moon of Mars the night before. The next evening I was allowed to look for other satellites; but my superiors went to the eyepiece before me, in the order of their naval rank, of course. Professor Newcomb saw nothing; Professor Hall, nothing; Professor Harkness, as much. Hall's outer satellite was easily visible to them, but nothing more. Then came my turn at the telescope.

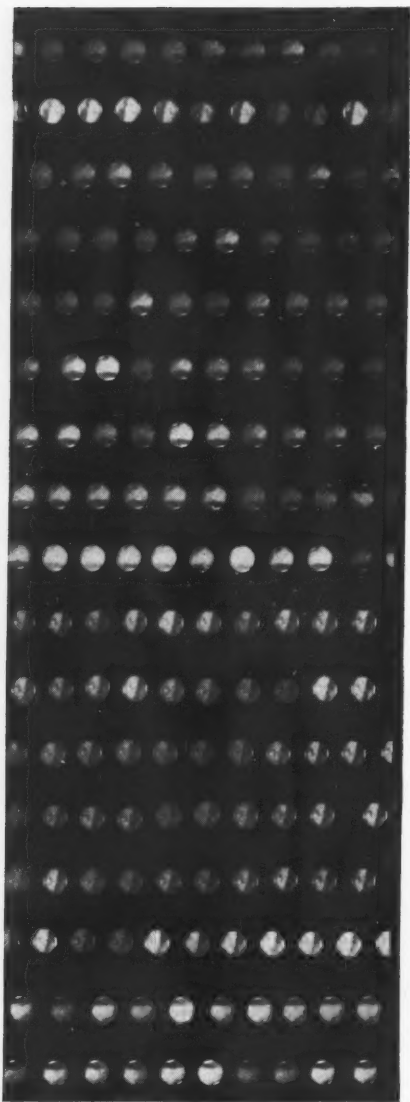
The old micrometer of the Washington twenty-six-inch telescope had a mechanical defect (one might call it) of which I proceeded to take advantage: by sliding the eyepiece far off to one side, the end of the micrometer-screw could be brought into the

field of view. Behind this I carefully adjusted the great blazing ball of Mars, then at its nearest to the earth, and, searching first one side of the planet and then the other, I soon picked up a new and unknown body—the inner satellite, Phobos—so close to the flaming disk that it was invisible with the planet in the field. The professors again looked, one after the other, and verified my discovery. So mine was the first human eye that ever saw Phobos, recognizing it as a satellite. And I fancy my right to the discovery would have been recognized had not Professor Hall the night before measured the positions of several little stars, as he thought them, not even dreaming of more than a single moon; and afterward, when the orbit of the satellite became known, one of those stars turned out to have been Phobos. So without question the inner moon as well as the outer belonged to Hall.

I did not look at Mars again till his next close opposition in 1892, after the well-known cycle of fifteen years had run its course. Then, with the sixteen-inch Clark telescope at Rochester, I saw both the satellites even better than I had seen them with the larger Washington telescope. At the same opposition I saw Deimos with the 7½-inch glass at Amherst College—the smallest I believe with which that object has ever been detected.

Fifteen years more rolled round, and it was 1907. The surface of Mars had





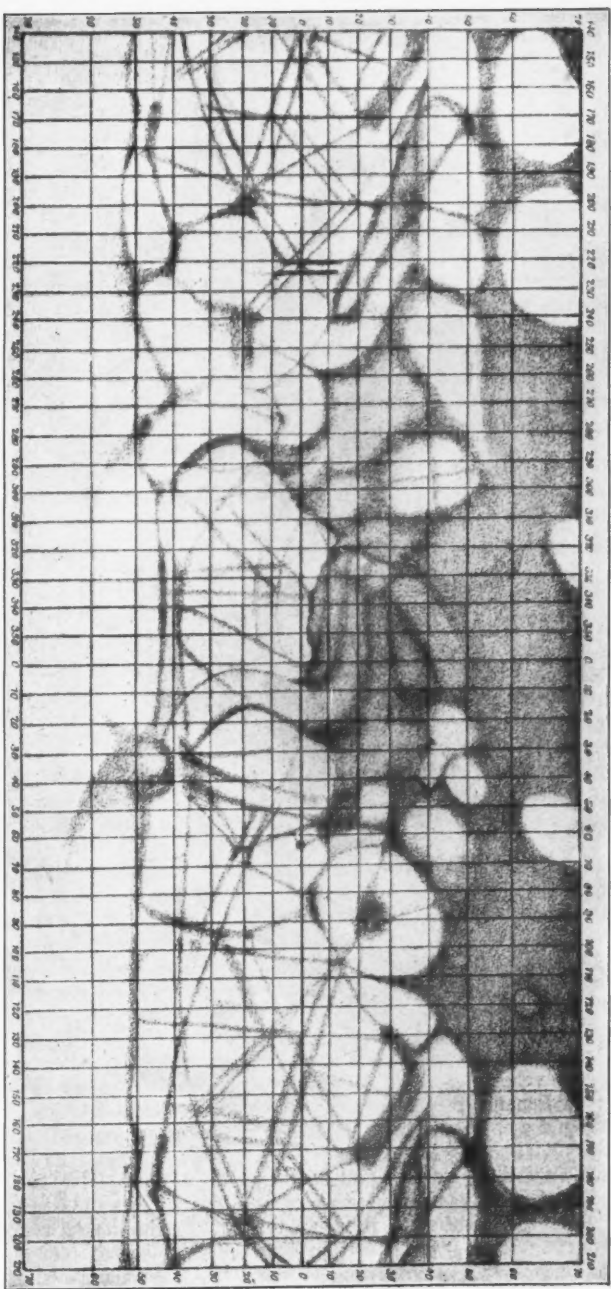
HOW MARS LOOKS ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES

Showing exact size of the planet's image, reproduced from the films taken with the 18-inch telescope at Alianza, by the photographers of Professor Todd's party. Small as they are (only 3-16 inch in diameter) they not only show the polar snow-caps distinctly, but in every case bring out the much disputed canals. These latter are visible, however, only under high magnifying power.

become of wide interest to the public as well as to the professional astronomer. Mars was again at his nearest, Amherst now had a new eighteen-inch Clark telescope; the southern hemisphere was the only place where it could be used to advantage on Mars. Professor Lowell provided funds for transportation and subsistence, the steamship companies between New York and Valparaiso made concessions of rates, and so the Lowell expedition to the Andes was organized, and set sail from New York in May.

But no telescope of this great size, built as it is and adapted to one latitude, can be transported to another and used there unmodified. To go from the northern hemisphere to the southern required still other changes. Either the clockwork must move in the opposite direction, or at any rate the telescope's polar axis, which follows the motions of stars in the northern hemisphere, by turning round as clock-hands do, must revolve in just the opposite way for the southern. This was not very difficult for the man who built the telescope—a little juggling with gear wheels, and the thing was done. But from latitude  $42^{\circ}$  North to  $21^{\circ}$  South was not so easy. New castings had to be made to give the polar axis its appropriate tilt, so as to be always exactly in line with the visible pole of the heavens; and new counter-weights were needed to restore the balance of the pier and preclude its toppling over.

Of the clockwork of this telescope I can hardly say too much in praise; it is the most accurate piece of mechanism I have ever had to do with—a close embodiment of the ideal in the real. Everybody knows how the stars move dignifiedly westward—sun, moon, and planets also—each at its own particular rate. Whatever that is, in the case of Mars, the telescope must follow it with absolute and unerring precision, or the planet's highly magnified image would shift about on the plate during the two or three seconds of exposure. Anyone mechanically informed can see what a difficult problem this is—to move the two tons' weight of tube and axes and counterpoises with such precision that a powerful microscope might search in vain for even the slightest deviation from absolute uniformity. This was at last secured, however, by an ingenious compensating spring mechanism and an electric control current from an astronom-



MARS ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION. SHOWING THE DOUBLE CANALS AND OASES

This map shows how fully our neighboring planet has been charted. It appears to justify Professor Lowell's contention that the markings commonly known as "canals" are the work of intelligent beings and show design. Nature has never, so far as man has observed, produced this peculiar formation. The "cracks" on the moon, the markings made by the cooling of lava, and the crevices of the earth's crust do not exhibit the peculiar regularity of straight lines and angles that characterizes these Martian features. All the probabilities point to an artificial origin and seem to vindicate the theory that they are tremendous channels constructed for purposes of irrigation.

ical regulator which had itself been regulated by the stars themselves. But as Mars near opposition is far from stationary among the stars, clearly our regulator had to be adjusted to the planet's idiosyncrasies of motion. And this must be done afresh every two or three days; then the Martian image stood motionless upon the plate, whatever the length of exposure.

A seven-ton telescope offers a quite different proposition in mere transportation from that of usual commodities. Of course it had to be taken to pieces, and then most of it could go classified as "machinery knocked down," all that was needed being especially careful packing. But the great lenses absolutely must suffer no risk whatever of rough or careless handling; and so, after being sewed tightly each into its own flannel bag, to prevent scratching of the delicate polished surfaces; wrapped in white tissue paper, for softness and "looks"; glued in tight manila bags, to exclude dust; and then packed in shallow boxes with resilient bags of cork stuffed closely all around them, to intercept a fatal shock, the lenses of flint and crown were carried with as much care as twin babies, all the way from Amherst to Iquique and back. Almost the only difference was that they didn't require feeding, and could be stowed away in the captain's cabin for days at a time with no thought except to look in occasionally and see that they were there—and they didn't cry when left alone. But now that the trip is over, I think real twins would have been less trouble, certainly less anxiety.

They started out from Amherst late one rainy May night in an automobile. At Springfield the drowsy porter protested: "Wha'd ye bring such things into a Pullman for? Why don't you check 'em?" For a day or two at New York they were perhaps as unsafe as anywhere on the whole trip—in a large storehouse not particularly fire-proof; in Panama they came near liquefying with the oppressive heat; in Iquique a ruinous tidal wave was a continuous and dreaded possibility; in the elevated desert pampa, at Alianza, earthquakes terrified us every little while, though fortunately the worst one held off till after our work on Mars was finished and the big lenses were securely packed for home again.

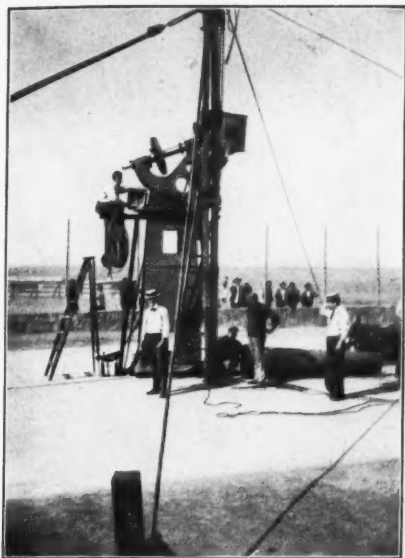
These special disks were the work of C. A. R. Lundin, M.A., optical expert of

Alvan Clark & Sons, but the mounting of the telescope was built in large part by Mr. Albert G. Ilse, the instrument-maker of that firm, whom I also appointed mechanic of the Lowell expedition. For expert photographer Professor Lowell selected and specially trained for the work Mr. Earl C. Slipher, who had been on duty many months at the Lowell Observatory in Arizona. Our working force was further supplemented by Mr. R. D. Eaglesfield, Amherst '09, as general assistant. The entire expedition was bent on getting the best possible photographs of Mars, and worked together harmoniously to that end. For weeks at a time it was Mars, Mars, unadulterated Mars, although many other things astronomically well worth while were also accomplished.

Of much importance were our series of drawings of Saturn at its ringless phase and our experiments in the higher Andes, which look toward ultimate successful occupation of even the loftiest mountains for astronomical purposes, as Newton suggested centuries ago; at least, it has been shown that such occupation is physiologically feasible. Just the gain to astronomy and meteorology from continuous residence on Chimborazo, say, no one can predict; but by using compressed air the *soroche* or *mal de montagne* is escaped, and our expedition laid down the keel of a method of high-elevation work, and I hope to be present at the launching, although years may lapse in building.

I may say in general that in the selection of a station for planetary photography, perhaps most exacting of all astronomical work, three essentials must be regarded: the sky must be clear, the air optically steady—the "seeing" must be fine, as astronomers say—and there must be no wind, vibration of the telescope from any cause being fatal to perfect negatives.

To find a spot on this terrestrial ball that will satisfy all three of these conditions is by no means easy. At most available places, while it may be nearly cloudless all night, the water-vapor of the air occasions unsteadiness and scattering of rays of light as an inevitable result—as we say, the "seeing" is fair, indifferent, or unqualifiedly bad. At other places, while it may be both clear and steady, gusty or violent winds are almost always present, preventing the delicate clockwork of a big telescope from



THE MARS OBSERVATION PARTY MOUNTING THEIR TELESCOPE AT ALIANZA, CHILE



THE EIGHTEEN-INCH REFRACTING TELESCOPE USED BY PROFESSOR TODD IN OBSERVING AND PHOTOGRAPHING MARS

following a planet with that absolute precision needed in photographing it.

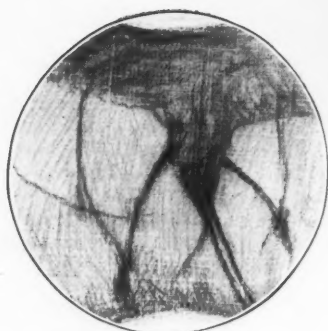
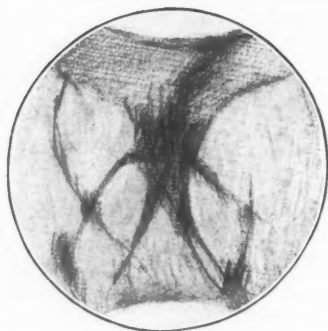
Of the entire southern hemisphere Africa had no mountains, Australia was too far away, and South America's eastern coast too verdure-clad for steady air, so I had but the west coast to choose from—a region I had never before visited. On to the south we steamed. Guayaquil and Quito were passed because a little too far north, and likely to be cloudy besides; Callao and Lima, because I got word that the season was not good up the Oroya Railway and among the mountains; Mollendo and Lake Titicaca, ditto. To one in search of cloudless lands it was, in fact, a dismal voyage from Panama down—the sun but three or four days visible, and the stars practically never.

Still we kept on. Our old Scotch captain vowed he'd never seen anything like it, in a lifetime's sailing up and down the coast—the climate must have changed utterly since the great Valparaíso earthquake of the year before. At Iquique we were abreast of the extensive desert wilds of Tarapacá, about as far south as seemed safe; so I resolved to land the telescope and risk the fate of the expedition, although Iquique itself and the

grim cliffs in its background were clouded heavily. But here I soon found that totally different conditions prevail in the elevated pampa above Iquique; so there I decided to go. And most fortunately. A desert meant rainlessness and no need of dome or protection for the telescope; in the desert of Tarapacá it meant practical cloudlessness, too, especially through the night.

Our vice-consul at Iquique, Mr. Edward E. Muecke, was untiring in his efforts in behalf of the expedition. Through him I soon met Mr. E. F. Homfray and Mr. C. W. Evans, resident managers of one of the important nitrate companies; and by their courtesy I arranged to locate the telescope and quarter the expedition at Alianza, their largest *oficina*, where vast quantities of nitrate are extracted from the earth and prepared for shipment.

About sixty miles inland from Iquique, to the southeast, Alianza lies near the western slope of an elevated table-land or saline desert, rather more than three thousand feet above the sea. The Nitrate Railway Company runs daily trains through the pampa; without them and the obliging and interested courtesy of Mr. J. Mayne Nicholls, the manager, we could not have



#### DRAWINGS OF MARS AS SEEN THROUGH THE GREAT TELESCOPE LAST JULY

The above drawings were made by Mabel Loomis Todd at Alianza and were sent to the Cosmopolitan by Professor Todd. They show how plainly the double canals appeared to the observer through the clear atmosphere of the higher Andes.

reached Alianza, nor without the *oficina* at destination could we have survived a week. The region is an utter desert; the moon itself could not reveal greater barrenness—not a tree or a flower or a blade of grass for miles, not even moss or lichens.

When the station for Alianza was reached, luckily it was not a trail only, to house and village, but a spur track of standard gage with a quaint little car, a white mule, and an Indian rider. The clustered dwellings of workers in the nitrate fields, making a village of perhaps three thousand persons, gave an almost populous effect to the barren landscape, and the chimneys and tanks of the *maquina*, where crude nitrate is put into marketable form, rose just beyond with happy promise of all sorts of mechanical aid in setting up the telescope. On a low hill stood the manager's dwelling, a house of generous proportions; and around the whole settlement stretched the solemn, brown, impressive pampa, undulating to the great mountain border, the Andes, its peaks here and there snow-capped, lofty, and magnificent. Here, in the midst of all this forbidding waste, we found one of the best astronomical stations ever occupied, and a most comfortable and delightful home for all the weeks of our sojourn.

Many were the fortunate things discovered as we first surveyed the locality critically. Mr. W. Brooke Comber, resident manager of the *oficina* at Alianza, took immediate and hearty interest in our plans, and provided labor and materials for our work to begin at once. It was already June 17th, less than a month before Mars would be at his nearest. Together we saw

at once that the recently built tennis-court in front of his dwelling was an ideal place for the telescope, and so on its concrete floor the instrument was set up. Construction of a pier was saved, although with a somewhat disastrous interruption of the happiness of tennis experts; and unremitting toil enabled us to put the big telescope at work on the fourth night.

Wind there was little, and the prevalent direction was such as to blow the dust and steam from the *maquina* safely away from all interference with our activities.

All the photographic preparations for the Mars work had been made with the greatest care before we left home, at the Lowell Observatory, in Flagstaff, Arizona, where Mr. Lampland first succeeded, in 1905, in photographing the canals of Mars. Gaertner, of Chicago, was given the order to build a planetary camera, practically a duplicate of the one at Flagstaff, with a suitable enlarging lens for lengthening the focus of the Amherst telescope nearly sevenfold, or about 150 feet. Then a variety of novel plate-holder attachments were introduced, by which as many as fifty or sixty images can conveniently be taken on a single plate about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches square, the counterpart of those at Flagstaff. Special plates, too, had been selected with the greatest nicety from Mr. Lampland's experience; and Mr. Wallace of the Yerkes Observatory prepared special color-screens. This important work was entrusted to Mr. Slipper and Mr. Ilse, who took all the Mars photographs.

Once the telescope was set up and adjusted at Alianza, it was in use every clear



night, straight through to sunrise. This meant every night but three from June 23d to August 1st, when we began to dismount. Not only was the sky clear of clouds, but it was more than usually transparent; best of all, the air was optically steady. And superadded was the almost total absence of wind at night; the quiet serenity of the clear, starlit midnight sky made it an astronomer's paradise. Night after night we spoke our neighbor planet, as he sailed across our desert zenith in quiet majesty.

Rarely did the *camanchaca*, or fog, blow in from the sea—sometimes, if not too thick or deep, it advantageously blankets down the heat rising from the pampa, to the great improvement of subsequent vision. Often the daytime and early evening seeings were bad, but throughout most of the night conditions were exceptionally favorable for high-class astronomical work. I think it safe to say that the Buenaventura region of this southern pampa is one of the best spots on earth for locating a permanent all-the-year-round observatory.

Late in July I visited Pica, a desert oasis almost due east of Iquique, at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet. When the railway is completed, Pica will be found a spot well worth careful investigation. Late in the night the air was steadier at Pica than at Alianza, but there was also more cloud.

On first looking at Mars through a large telescope from a great elevation, as the Chilean pampa, with the sky perfectly clear, the air steady, and a high magnifying power on the planet close to the zenith, every observer, whether professional or unprofessional, was amazed at the wealth of detailed markings that the great reddish disk exhibited. Its clear-cut lines and areas were positively startling in their certainty; the splendor of that first visual glimpse in steady air can never be forgotten. First seen were the large polar caps, instantly recognizable, and hardly less obvious than the planet itself. Then, between them, a vast assemblage of curiously conformed and variously hued areas which challenged accurate and complete representation by the pencil. And spread about in all directions over these desert regions was the marvelous complex of canal and oasis, in a connected and seemingly artificial network.

Nearly everybody who went to the eye-

piece saw canals; and once I fancied I heard even the bats, as they winged their flight down the pampa, crying, "Canali, canali, canali!"

Photography alone was competent to grapple with the intricacy of this network. And most fortunately we had the best camera and plates and developer to do this. Seed L orthochromatic and Cramer isochromatic instantaneous were most depended on. Practically every plate exposed has canals on it, and perhaps twenty exhibit clearly the mysterious double canals, photographed for the first time at Flagstaff at this opposition and at Alianza. The Nilokeras and Thoth, Euphrates and Phison, Astaboras and Djihoun, Amenthes and others came out on the plates double, to our great delight and gratification, as the crowning success of the expedition. The air should have been a little steadier, the telescope a little larger, and the photographic process a little better, for perfectly ideal conditions. But as it is our plates ought to silence forever the optical-illusion theorists.

Night after night the little automatic plate-holders went on with their click, click, click, for all the hours of darkness. One night was much like another; our summer's work on Mars gave us something over nine thousand separate photographs of the planet in all. And beginning with the Syrtis Major in June, our plates were pretty evenly distributed all the way round the surface of Mars, and back to the Syrtis again, with a little overlapping. Already Professor Lowell and his able corps have been for some months at work upon them, and their substantial advances in areography will not be open to question.

I shall touch but lightly and in outline on the interpretation of our work, as it must be many months before the photographs can be critically examined, enlargements from them made, their salient points measured up and projected on a globe, and ultimate deductions drawn as to the meaning of all the delicate tracery. Meanwhile, we can safely and confidently say this. Nobody ever questions the fact that Mars turns round on an axis, just as the earth does, and in about forty-one minutes longer time. Nor do the obvious polar caps leave so much as a shadow of doubt of the direction in which that axis stands: its tilt to the planet's path round the sun has been measured over and

over again, and is very nearly the same as the earth's to its own orbit.

Clearly, then, this settles the question of seasons upon Mars—they will be substantially the same as ours on the earth, only much longer, because it takes Mars longer to go around the sun. And they will be less intense, less pronounced, because Mars has a much less dense atmosphere than ours. But we know about the Martian seasons quite as well as we do our own—when spring and summer, autumn and winter begin on Mars, how long each lasts, that the seasons alternate in the northern and southern hemispheres, and so on. All this we know as a deduction from exact astronomy, precise observation, and infallible mathematics conjointly. And we can accurately foretell the recurrence of these seasons for indefinite years to come, even if we were never to look at Mars again through the telescope.

Now the very curious and highly significant thing about the delicate, spider-line markings called canals is this: in the Martian winter they cannot be seen; as spring comes, the canals begin to reappear, fine and very faintly at first; with summer their filamentous markings attain their full development, and with them their connecting links, the oases, also; with the progress of autumn all vanish rather rapidly together, and are again invisible throughout the planet's winter.

This is observed to go on year after year, in one and the same cycle, and that cycle is coincident in position as well as period with the motion of Mars around the sun; that is, with its year, or, we may say with entire confidence, with its seasons. The fact of this regular seasonal fluctuation disposes at once of all such theories as that the canals are a merely ocular phenomenon—all in the astronomer's eye, so to speak—and that they are cracks in the planet's surface, and nothing else. For either of these theories to be true, we must always see canals whenever we look at Mars, wholly independently of the time of year and the Martian season. And every observer of Mars knows this is not so.

So far we have trod with practical certainty. Now for a working hypothesis as to what the complex network of canals may mean. Old earth again furnishes a ready clue to the mystery.

Just as there is no reason for supposing the Martian polar caps to be of any sub-

stance different from the ice and snow bonneting our own poles, so the first and obvious explanation of the seasonally variant canals is vegetation.

The more I visit arid regions of the earth, and observe the devices of desert-dwellers to coax the growth of even the sparsest vegetation, the more the truth of Lowell's theory of the Martian canals impresses itself upon me. Mars, older by cosmic eons than the earth, and farther on in planetary development, has but a small supply left of either air or water. The great yellowish areas formerly called seas are rather, in all probability, deserts, and the polar caps, conserving water in winter, are utilized at their melting, and the water is distributed over the arid plains.

During this last summer, in the desert of Tarapacá and in similar wastes of Peru, I saw vast areas, or oases, saved from engirdling sands by just a little water—water not in great gulfs or rivers or lakes, but a tiny rivulet merely, systematically diverted from its course again and again, with the parched soil divided and subdivided in geometric figures till nothing was left of the original stream but an infinitude of trickles. But as we approached these oases of the Chilean mountains, or receded from them, they seemed one vast and consecutive mass of vegetation, much darker than the desert around. Imagine yourself suspended high above such terrestrial sands, as in a balloon, only hundreds or thousands of miles away, and the likeness of Mars to the earth and the earth to Mars would be compelling.

So it seems to me the canals on Mars are quite satisfactorily explained on the vegetation theory; at least I know of no other that comes into competition with it. No natural cracks ever assume any such regularity of figure. And of course no one now supposes their entire breadth—anywhere from five to twenty miles—to be a clear, unbroken body of water, as their unfortunate name "canal" (blunderingly translated from Schiaparelli's *canali*, meaning channels simply) would indicate.

I am free to say, too, that the canal and oasis system *in toto*, as looked at steadily night after night, impresses me more and more, not as a natural but as an artificial system, wholly or in part. This means of course acceptance of the habitation theory of Mars. And why not? Life is here, and

has apparently developed the organic out of the inorganic. The little we know of nature's workings on the earth points with practical certainty to her gift of life to every nook and crevice of the cosmos where it is ready to offer her a foothold—all the more on Mars where conditions cannot be very dissimilar to the lofty mountain heights of the Andes, where I found man and many types of animal and vegetable life enjoying a useful existence, in spite of what Professor Lowell excellently calls "pronounced inhospitality of environment." But all were unconscious of it, because it had come to them through countless generations. Even the crucial question of temperature has been reinvestigated by Professor Lowell, with fuller cognizance of all the elements concerned; and it now seems certain that Mars, in spite of his greater distance from the sun, enjoys an average surface temperature not very inferior to that we know here on the earth.

This fascinating argument for the habitableness of Mars need not be pursued further. As a knowledge of favorable conditions on that planet, or any other, approaches a certainty, with equal certainty may we say that life of one type or another is sure to exist there. Of what type, the biologist alone must surmise: perhaps it is a fair question whether, given protoplasm and all the elemental conditions that favor the evolution of organisms, man or some type of intelligent being closely resembling him would not be bound to develop. Intelligent, we believe, he must be.

If you ask me then, "Do you think Mars has been inhabited in the past?" I answer, "Yes, probably." Because we have excellent evidence of a favorable environment and works apparently artificial on the planet's surface. And if you ask further, "Do you believe it is inhabited now?" I reply, "There is no reason why not." Because life's adaptability to variations of terrestrial environment, of which I know,

leads me to the willing conclusion that Martian beings would be endowed with no less power of adaptation to their own environment, whatever that may be. Most absorbing, then, are these glimpses of our next-door neighbor in outer space. And no less absorbing, too, are the logical deductions of reason from the phenomena of our simple vision. For it is as much the legitimate realm of science to search out the true explanation of what we observe as to make the observations themselves.

Sensational? Granted; but this is nature's fault. Can anything be more sensational than her own uncounted light years, and infinitude of eons, and unfathomable depths of abysmal space?

Whatever our achievements of 1907, the work can at best be called but preliminary to that now seemingly within early future reach. The September opposition of 1909 will bring Mars to within 36,000,000 miles only, as against 38,500,000 in 1907. A much larger telescope is a necessity, to afford larger images and more light for shorter exposures, and a new photographic process is needed most of all, so that the coarse grains of our present dry plates may be replaced by much finer and more sensitive ones. This will allow not only shorter exposures, but a greater magnification of the original images for purposes of subsequent study.

Broadly considered, then, I may call our Andean expedition of 1907 a rehearsal for 1909—so soon here that preparation is already in order and begun.

After that, Mars in the future as in the past swings farther and farther away at each returning opposition, until in 1924 mountain observatories, larger telescopes, and keener photographic processes will all play their part in threading the labyrinthine mystery of Martian oasis and canal; and a perfected ethereal telegraphy may, well within reason, permit intelligible speech from planet to planet, across the cosmic void. *Quien sabe?*





# A Night of Enchantment

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



YE must know that there was five av us gurrils that was always together: Mary Mahaney, an' Sheila Mooney, an' Biddy Winn, an' Rosie Keenan, an' me, Nora Grady, proud Nora, as I was frequent called. We were all in service on the same block, y' know, Petunia Place, the grandest part av the city, where all the handsome residences are.

Now at the time I'm tellin' ye about none av us was married yet, though Sheila an' Mary was both paired off, an' in consequence puttin' on such airs as niver was, though fer why I can't tell, fer 'tis Mary's truth that the methods they had used to entrap their men was not fer annywan to be proud av.

Mary had caught Terence Mulhaly, her misthress's coachman, wid such onholy manes as a marriage chairm; an' Sheila had tuk on so about choosin' between two gossoons that wan av the onlookers wid the natural perversity av man had stepped in an' tuk her because, like all av the men, he couldn't be kapin' his hands off annything that a brother wud be afther wantin'.

Now ye must know that 'twas the custom amongst us to spind ivery Friday avening in Mary Mahaney's kitchen, an' very pleasant and peaceful times they was, too, savin' whin some subject that stirred the Irish blood to bilin'-point come up for argymint an' discussion. An' isn't it a grand thought to consider that there are few subjects that an Irishman will not bleed an' die fer, onless ye get him all contrary-wise by agreein' wid him, an' then 'tis necessary fer him to take the other side av the question!

Well, wan night whin we was all at Mary's, Mary an' Sheila put on such airs av complacency as was almost unbearable; an' they got to passin' raymarks between thim an' pokin' fun at the rest av us that were not bespoke, until Biddy Winn, a stout, comfortable, plain body, sat wid her mouth pursed up an' her airms folded on her chist, lookin' very dayfiant. Rosie's cheeks was gettin' redder an' redder, an' just at the breakin'-point, whin no more cud be borne, me proud blood flared into spache.

"'Tis ye are not the only wans to be bespoke," says I. "I was promised meself to Phelim Donovan, who died av the tyfroid the night afther the big fire in Dempsey



Street, an' all that before ayther av ye cud so much as get a man to look at ye."

They cud not gainsay it, although they tossed their heads very spiteful.

"But," says Sheila, "the b'ys have not troubled ye much since; yer timper is too well known."

"The b'ys," says I, spakin' very dignified, "have rayspected me grief. Rayspect, Sheila, is a sintiment that I inspire in man. It wud be impossible fer the likes av ye to understand the same."

Thin Mary tuk a hand, an' some very bitter an' unkind words was passed until, goaded beyond what flesh an' blood cud stand, I says, "I had not meant to spake so soon; but I do be promised to a very fine an' handsome man, none av yer coachmen nor cobblers," givin' a dig to both av thim.

"An' is the day set?" asks Mary so sneerin' that there was niver a Grady from wan end av the world to the ither that cud stand it.

"It is," I answers as haughty as ye plaze; "'twill take place the latter pairt av June." Ye see, I was spakin' in the heat av anger, an' had let me imagination run away wid me entirely.

Now 'tis Mary's truth, an' a stranger thing had niver happened, but fer the first time in me life I had nobody at all on me string; an', as is always the case whin ye want annything very desprit, in that same minute it does be vanishin' from ye like fairy gold. I swept the field wid a telescope, so to spake, an' all I cud see on the very edge av distance was Billy Cronin.

There are no airts known to women that I did not thry upon that b'y. I fed him, I listened to his stories wid the fixed smile

on me face. He goes on an' on, ye know, an' whin anny other gurril wud be afther yawnin' at his tales, I wud sit on the edge av me chair the better to hear. But 'twas no good. He come to me wan day, an' he says, "Nora, there is something I must be afther tellin' ye."

"Billy," I says, very modest and raytirin', "say no more; wait," I says.

"Fer phwat?" he asks.

"Till I'm surer," I says very low.

"That's it," he answers very gloomy-like. "I'm not sure av her meself."

"Her!" I screams involuntary, "her!"

"Av coorse," he rayplies. "'Tis Rosie Keenan. I thought ye knew that. It has always been Rosie."

Talk av the perfidy av man! Did ye iver hear av a case like that?

Again I swept the field wid the telescope; but this time there was not even a speck on the horizon, an' time shlippin away faster 'n' faster ivery minute. Ye may niver belave me, but it did seem to me in my day-spair as if all the men on airth was banded together to avoid me; an' me spirits got very low indade. An' thin, as if to add to me load av grief, much airlier in the sayson than usual me mistress tuk it into her head that she did be needin' a taste av salt air, an' nothin' wud do but we must all chase off to our counthry place, in a God-forsaken spot where the foot av man hairdly iver penetrates.

By this time me trouble had preyed so on me mind that I do belave I wud have tuk an Eyetalian wid a monkey. Was ivery man in the world ayther married or bespoke or set ag'inst me?

Well, whin I was towld that we were to



pack up an' l'ave for the counthry at wance, me dayspair became so great that I wint to a fortune-teller—wan av the fine wans, ye must know, that if they can't find out phwat's comin' to ye in wan way they will in another. This lady did not contint herself wid merely runnin' the cairds, but was in addition a astrologer, chrystal-gazer, an' pa'm-reader.

She was a very stout lady sittin' beside a table covered wid the various airticles which are av use to her in foretellin' the future. First, she looks at me very close, thin she studies me pa'm, an' thin she squints her eyes at a big glass ball. Thin she begins to spake in a kind av far-away tone, as if some wan else was talkin' through her.

"Ye were born in Ireland," she says, "about twenty years ago, an' ye have not been so long in this counthry. Ye are very proud, too, an' good rayson ye have to be so. Yer family is a very grand wan, though it has been comin' down in the world fer siveral hundred years now. But fer ye now, ye have had yer sorrows, though few wud belave it, fer ye niver complain. Ye are very sensitive, an' ye have niver been properly understood. Whisht now," she says, "I can see that ye have been terrible mis-threatened by some friends in whom ye trusted." Och, that woman was a wonder!

Thin she runs the cairds an' studies thim very close, an' thin she tuk another squint at the chrystal; an' thin she was afther studyin' her astrologer's chairt again.

"I see ye ridin' in yer autymobile," she says, "wid a dairk man, on or before, or maybe a little afther, St. John's eve," she says. "Strange things will be happenin' about thin. Vaynus will be in the ascindint; but Merkery intrudes himself, an' also Mars. I see throuble ahead fer ye, an' yet love waits at the end av the lane. Go as aisy as if ye did be walkin' on egg-shells."

Och, that woman! 'Twas nothin' that was hid from her, as ye will see. A day or two afther seein' her we all wint down to the counthry, an' as soon as we got settled, begun phwat was for the time bein' a very tiresome an' peaceful life. If me mind had not been occupied wid happenin's to take place on St. John's eve, 'tis very lonely I wud have been, fer the other servants did not intherest me. So the days wint by very slow wid nothin' happenin' at all, till wan mornin', airly in June, I overhaired me masther say to me misthress:

"Me new chauffeur will be down to-day. He's a corker. 'Tis first-class recommendations he has; and a fine well-set-up fellow he is."

Well, me hairt leaped to me mouth, an' that quare feelin' come over me, that kind av creepiness by which ye may know that ye're to meet some wan who will have an infloence on yer future. An' that afternoon, while I did be peekin' very cautious from behind me bit av window-curtain, the new chauffeur drove me masther's big new machine through the gates an' up to the dure.

I give ye my word fer it, I like to fainted. 'Tis niver that I expayrienced such emotions. 'Twas not a fortnight from St. John's eve, an' here was the only man in sight, rose up from the very ground it wud seem, an' him dairk, as the fortune-teller had predicted. An' yet me hairt mistrusted him. There was something in his face that I cud not like, a quare look in his eyes that I was always afther doubtin'.

Well, from the very first, he tuk to me; he made it very plain that av all the gurrils I was the only wan he found congaynial, although polite to all. An' talk! He had the tongue in his head that cud while the very birds off the threes. Och, 'twas the very educated man he was!

"'Tis a poet I am at hairt," he says, "although by profession a chauffeur—a poet an' a dreamer. I cud write," he says; "'tis in me—the divine fire. Me lips," he says, "has been touched wid the chrism av song. Och! I cud write; but I will not. 'Tis very common. Ivery Tom, Dick, an' Harry is at it."

But in spite av the quare look in his eyes, he was a fine, handsome fellow, slim an' straight, wid the dairk hair fallin' like a wing across his forehead, an' the white teeth av him gleamin' whin he smiled. His name was Ferdinand, an' at first it was a matter av deep raygret to me that he was not Irish; but, be that as it may, I will say that no Irishman I've iver known had kissed the Blarney stone so fervent as he.

An' he knew a great deal av poetry, an' he would always be afther raycitin' it to me whin me an' him wud be takin' a bit av a walk together or a spin in the motor whin me masther an' me misthress was out av the way; an' I do be tellin' ye that I got the motor mania fer sure, an' so crazy was I about runnin' the machine an' so quick at learnin' that Ferdinand was afther passin'

me out frequent compliments on me skill as a chauffeur.

No matter what I think now, 'twas great fun we had in those days, an' gradually me first impressions av dislike an' disthrust wore off, as how cud they help doin', fer to have a fine, handsome fellow rollin' his eyes at ye, an' quotin' poetry an' makin' pretty spaches whin your hairt did be sore wid disappointment was very soothin' an' comfortin', I can tell ye!

Well, things run along that way until wan day me masther an' misthress settled to go up to town on the afthernoon train an' not rayturn till the following morning. Av coorse, I had to hustle around an' get me misthress packed up, an' thin set her room to rights afther she had gone, so 'twas along toward avening before I cud get out to catch a mouthful av fresh air. So around toward sundown I was walkin' in the sunken garden sniffin' first at this flower an' thin at that, an' hummin' a little tune beneath me breath, whin who should come along but Ferdinand, his overalls on an' his tools in his hand.

"Nora," he says, "I'm goin' to thoroughly overhaul the machine now. 'Twill be grand moonlight to-night, an' if ye say the word, we'll take such a spin as niver was."

"Sure," I says. Then me hairt stood

still fer a minute, an' I clapped me hand to me open mouth.

"Phwat is it?" he cried. "Phwat's the matter? Phwat has sthruck ye?"

"Raymimbrance," says I very solemn. "To-night is St. John's eve, an' I was towld by a fortune-teller, not a month ago, that this night I wud be ridin' in me automobile wid me——"

"Fate," he cries very exultant, "an' that's meself. The unseen powers do be wid me, an' I'll push me luck to the limit," he says. "Och, 'tis a run we'll have this night!" An' he threw back his head an' laughed loud an' long. Thin suddenly his face sobered, as if a new thought had sthruck him. "O Nora, me quane," he says very tinder, "'tis a rale quane I wud make ye, a quane to reign on a goold throne studded wid gems. That is phwat ye should have instead av the poor kingdom av me hairt; but since that may not be," an' he sighed very soulful, "I wud see ye wance, wance only, as ye should be. 'Tis sweeter than Mayflowers ye look in yer black dress an' yer little white cap an' apron; but I long to see ye in rich gairments wid jewels in yer hair an' about yer white throat. Ah, Nora," his dairk eyes very pleadin', "let us fer wance have the courage to live our drames. 'Tis St. John's



"YE WERE BORN IN IRELAND," SHE SAYS, "ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO"

eve, Nora, the night av enchantment. Thin let us belave we are enchanted. Ye, Nora, shall be the lovely princess, an' I the prince who shall carry her away to me kingdom."

"But 'tis no rich robes nor jewels I have," says I wid a kind av thremblin' laugh an' fingerin' me apron, fer 'tis Mary's truth that I was completely carried away by his words.

"But ye have," he answers very triumphant. "The mistress is away. Ye an' she are about the same height. Thin slip into wan av her gowns, an'," watchin' me very close, "ye are her own maid, ye should know where she keeps her jewels, only, av coorse, come to think av it," he says careless-like, "she wud niver thrust ye so far."

"Sure," I says, liftin' me head, "me mistress thrusts me wid iverything. Fer why should she not?"

Och, how his eyes flashed! "Thin I shall see ye as I pictured ye always in me drames, the proud quane av me hairt." He studied a moment and laughs again. "Och, me luck, me luck!" he cried under his breath. "Tis flung at me in double handfuls!"

"Tis not your luck at all," I says pretendin' to pout. "An' ye've no cause to be so greedy. 'Twas foretowld me that St. John's eve was to be the luckiest night av me whole life."

"Thin we will bank our luck, your luck an' mine, together, an' O Nora, Nora," catchin' me hands and whirlin' me round an' round like we was two kids, "the world is mine," an' he give me another fling wid his sthrong hands, an' we flew round an' round again until we sat on the grass laughin', just laughin' at nothin', till the tears run down our cheeks.

The dinner-bell rang thin, an' we wint in an' ate wid the other servants, me very quiet an' daymure, but Ferdinand cud not be conthrollin' his spirits, an' he was so gay an' wild-like that he had thim all laughin' fit to kill.

"Well," says the cook just before we rose from the table, "I s'pose you two will be takin' a ride to-night?"

"Thru fer you," says Ferdinand. "Isn't it so, Nora?"

"Ye're very kind," I says, seemin' ray-luctant, "but 'tis a bit av sewin' I have to do."

"To-morrow ye can sew, an' the next day, an' the next; but this is moonlight an' St. John's eve," he urges.

"Och, go," says the cook, risin' slowly from her chair; 'tis a heavy body she is. "Go 'long wid ye, an' larn whin good times come yer way, to ketch hold av them wid both hands."

"All right, thin, I'll go," spakin' as if me mind was just made up, an' givin' Ferdinand the sly glance from under me eye-lashes.

I must be tellin' ye that his wild spirits had their infloence on me, an' after waitin' around a minute till they was all paired off, I shlippped up the stairs to me mistress's room, an' just fer fun, not manin' to kape it on at all, I thried on a new ball-dress that had just been sint home. Ye see, I lived in that wan place four or five years, an' av coorse I felt at liberty to wear wan av me mistress's dresses now an' again, although I always considered the matter too thriflin' to mention it to her.

Now iverywan knows that self-praise is open scandal, but whin I saw meself in the long mirror, I did not know fer a minute who might be standin' there. 'Tis very tall an' slender I am, with very white, smooth shoulders an' airms, though I do say it as shouldn't; an' me wavy brown hair was put up high on me head, an' me cheeks was pink an' me eyes shinin', shinin' so bright that I bethought meself av the jewels an' was tempted to thry thim on. Fer wan minute I hesitated, an' thin the longin' to be as Ferdinand said, a rale quane, overcame me scruples. Widout more thought, I tuk the key av the little jewel-safe from the hidin'-place where me mistress kept it an' opened the safe.

Often an' often had I got her jewels out fer her whin she was goin' to some grand ball, an' I knew the combination as well or better 'n she did herself. Och, but whin I had thim all spread out before me, I lost me head intirely—the beauties! An' the next thing ye know I had put a diamond necklace around me throat an' a tiara on me head, an' had hung a rope av pearls on me shoulders, stuck me fingers full av rings, an' pins all over the front av me bodice, sunbursts, an' stars an' crescents an' bars. An' whilst I stood before the mirror wid ivery light in the room blazin', an' me a-turnin' this way an' that to catch a glimpse av meself from ivery angle, Ferdinand, all av a sudden, an' widout a bit av warnin', peered over me shoulder.

I cud hardly kape from screamin' out.

"Where did ye come from?" I said. "I niver heard the sound av a dure. Did ye come up through the flure?"

"Ye forget," he says, "that 'tis St. John's eve. I have fern-seed in me pocket an' walk invisible. But how I came matters little. O Nora, ye are a quane now, sure! 'Tis the most beautiful woman in the world ye are."

"'Tis not me," I says, "'tis the gown an' the jewels."

"Have ye jewels on?" says he. "I wud not have known it. I thought 'twas the sparkle av yer eyes. But come, fairy princess, an' drive wid me through the moonlight."

"Not this way," I cries, holding back—"in me mistress's new ball-gown an' all her jewels. Wait till I get me ivery-day gown on."

"No," he answers, "do not spoil it so. This is a night av enchantment; we were to have the courage av our drames. Here," an' he picked up a splendid new evening wrap that I had placed on the back av a chair whin I tuk out the gown, "throw this around ye an' come, the motor is at the hall dure. Quiet now."

Sure, he threw a spell on me, for widout another word I wint. Down the stairs we skipped like two ghosts, him niver makin' the laste sound av noise but steppin' along beside me as silent as wan av the goblin men. But as we passed through the broad hall, where a dim light was burnin', he spied a new rug which me masther had recently bought an' had hung upon the walls, an' he stopped short an' looked at it very close fer a minute.

"A fine Herat, upon me soul!" and he stepped upon a chair an' begun to jerk it down. "Och, me luck, me luck!" I heard him chuckle.

"Fer phwat are ye afther?" I cried sur-

prised. "Me masther is crazy over that rug. He paid more money than ye iver heard av fer it."

"'Tis none too costly to cover me quane," he says. "It may be chilly ridin', an' yer wrap is a light wan." Wid that he give the rug a final jerk, threw it over his airm, an' drew me out av the dure.

There, just as he had said, was the big machine puffin' an' pantin', an' the great lamps glowin' like dragon's eyes. Ferdinand peered about him very cautious fer a minute, an' thin he put me on the front seat to be beside him, an' got in himself.

Off we wint like an arrow shot out av a bow; an' fer a time I niver enjoyed meself more. The roads were like glass, an' we wint at such speed that although there was no wind, it seemed to whistle through the trees like a gale. The moonlight was layin' broad an' white over the fields, an' there was the sweetest smell in the air you iver smelled. An' I felt like a grand lady lyin' back in me laces an' gems an' all. Och, 'twas great!

But prisently, as the first excitement wore off, I couldn't help but notice that Ferdinand had changed. He talked no more, but sat very quiet as if he was thinkin' very hard an' yet as if he was very much pleased, too; fer his eyes glittered, an' sometimes he wud burst right out laughin'.

Finally I begin to fear it was growin' late, an' I said, "This is great, but we must be gettin' home," fer truth to tell, I did be growin' very nairvous wid all me mistress's jewels on. Supposin' somethin' wud be happenin' to us, or the other servants wud see me! An' thin, too, there was somethin' in Ferdinand's manner that did be makin' me still more nairvous.

"Go back?" he says. "Niver! We are goin' to me kingdom av safety—the great city."



AV ALL THE GURRLS I WAS THE ONLY WAN  
HE FOUND CONGAYNIAL

## A Night of Enchantment

"We are not," I cried, catchin' his aim; " 'tis home we're goin'."

"Och, drop it," he says, now spakin' very rough. "We've played the game long enough. At first I couldn't make ye out. I wondered if ye was the innocent fool ye seemed, an' thin, whin ye gave in about the jewels, I see ye was on, an' about as slick as they make 'em. 'She's an old hand,' I says, 'but she's got the same touch av poetry an' romance in her disposition,' he says, 'that is the consolation av me life, an' since she is addicted to thim illegant tastes, I'll play up to her lead ivery time.'"

Och, 'twas only the blood av me ancestors which kept me from dyin' on the spot! Fer the whole thing flashed over me. He was a crook. He meant to take me to the city an' sthrip the jewels from me; an' thin, whin he found I was no thafe an' cud be av no more use to him, he wud probably murder me.

The very thought seemed to drive all the blood from me hairt, an' I sunk back in me seat hairdly able to breathe. Fortunate

for me, we had come to a bad bit av road, an' Ferdinand was drivin' the machine very careful, so he did not notice me silence, but at last, feelin' me shake an' thremble, I suppose, he turned an' said,

" 'Tis cold ye are, put the rug up around yer shoulders."

I put the rug around me as he bid; an' now a little av me spirit an' me courage began to rayturn to me. Should Nora Grady av the proud Gradys be outwitted by a thafe, an' a thafe that had imposed on her confidence an' made a fool av her? Niver! But phwat to do? I shivered again, an' the rug shlipped a little off me shoulders. An' thin, praise the howly saints! an idee come to me. I did not be sure whether it wud work or not; but 'twas a desprit

case, an' I was willin' to thry a desprit remedy.

Wid this in mind, I forced meself to raycover me composure an' laugh an' chatter again, although it seemed to me he cud not fail to notice the thremble in me voice. "Ye will let me kape wan or two av the rings fer me throuble, will ye not?" I coaxes, "an' say a pin or so?"

"Sure," he answers. "Make yer ch'ice."

Now all the time I did be shlippin' the rug, little be little, from me shoulders, an' all the time watchin' him very cautious from the tail av me eye, until finally I made a pretense av liftin' me aim to show him which ring I had chose.

"This wan, this wan wid the big emerald an' the diamonds round it," an' I give the rug wan quick shove, so that it fell into the road. Thia ye should have heard the great adoo I made. "Och, me!" I wails, "the fine, handsome rug is shlipped from me shoulders."

"Where?" he cries an' stopped the machine wid a jerk an' looked back. "I see it,"

he says, "right there it is."

An' sure enough, there it lay, a black patch in the white moonlight. "Here, wan minute," an' he jumped out an' run back. I waited until he reached the rug an' was bendin' down to pick it up, an' then I tuk the wheel an' give it a turn an' started off like a shot to the music av his shouts behind me.

Och, that run! To me dyin' day I shall niver forgit it. I had no idee where I was goin' or how I wud iver get back home. Me wan thought was to put as much space as possible between Ferdinand an' me. So on I flew, lavin' the miles behind me like leaves blown by the wind, until prisently I found myself whirlin' through the streets of a shlapin' town.



I STOOD BEFORE THE MIRROR WID IVERY  
LIGHT IN THE ROOM BLAZIN'





"SO YE WILL DISREGAIRD THE LAW," HE SAYS. WHIN HE CLIMBED IN, "AN' SHOW CONTIMPT FER AN OFFICER"

Straight ahead I flew, with no notion av where I was bound fer. Thin suddenly I saw a black shadow rise before me.

"Sthop!", cried a voice.

Hivinly powers! It was a policeman, a bicycle policeman who wud arrest me fer speedin' me masther's big machine—an' me in me misthress's new ball-gown, all covered wid her jewels!

I was too desprit now to pay anny heed to him, so I puts on more speed, an' on I flew, right past him, prayin', prayin' that that was the last av him.

The next thing I knew he had overtook the car, climbed over the back seat—I heard his haired breathin'—thin over the front seat, seized the wheel from me hands, an' slowed down the machine. I tell ye he was blowin' some, too, fer ye may be sure I had give him a terrible chase.

"So ye will disregaird the law," he says, whin he climbed in, "an' show contimpt fer an officer; but I'll larn ye, fer 'tis straight to the station house ye go, fer defyin' laws an' speedin' like ye was a comet."

Och! but he was a fine, handsome fellow, wid the true brogue, an' twinklin' eyes, very daik, wan av the black Irish. I cud see all this out av the tail av me eye.

"Just because ye've got money an' are covered wid jewels," he wint on, "ye think

ye need not observe anny rules an' regulations whativer, but ye're goin' to larn different now."

Sure, the strain av the whole thing had been too much fer me. "Och, officer," I says, bursting into tears, "ye do be makin' a terrible misthake. I'm not a rich lady, an' these jewels are not mine; they do belong to me misthress."

He turned an' looked at me very keen an' suspicious fer a minute, an' thin the stern look softened a bit. "There's no misthake about that brogue," he says. "It smacks av the ould soil; an' now, as I look at ye, I see ye've got the rale Irish eyes. Spake up, gurr! an' be after tellin' me phwat all this masqueradin' manes."

Wid tears an' sobs, fer I did be badly shaken, I poured out to him the whole story, an' his face got grimmer an' grimmer as I wint on.

"We must be after gettin' that thafe," an' he started to speed again back to the station house. There he took several policemen into the car, an' back we wint fast as ye plaze to the spot where I had dropped the rug. I cud not be givin' the clearest av directions; but nivertheless we found the place. But although they searched all the night an' all the next day they niver got Ferdinand; an' 'twas not until the next

morning that the rug was found rolled up under a bush close to the roadside.

After the other policemen had started on their search, Jawn, fer that was his name, drove me home. It was just about breakin' dawn, the faint light was sthreakin' the east, the birds was wakin' in their nests an' beginnin' to twitter, the dew lay thick on the grass, an' the sweetest smells an' the freshest filled the air.

"Since childhood," says Jawn, "I have heard that strange things did be happenin' on St. John's eve; an' sure the Little People have been busy this night, fer I niver did be thinkin', whin I wint on me beat, that before dawnbreak I'd be ridin' in an automobile wid

a lady in satins an' laces, a crown on her head an' precious gems spairklin' all over her. I have regained me childish faith in the fairies."

"Thin ye've won what I've lost," says I very bitter. "Niver again can I be belavin' annything that a fortune-teller tells me, or aven Sheila whin she runs the cairds. This night has proved that."

"Whisht now," he says, "wasn't it foretowld ye that ye should be ridin' in an automobile on St. John's eve"—in me first day-spair I had blurted out the whole story to him—"an' wid the man ye was to marry?"

"He was a thafe," says I scornful.

"He's a policeman," says he, an' kissed me on the mouth.



## Rescue

By Herman Marcus

Who takes a soul that has been cast apart  
 And frees him from his doubts and black thoughts rife;  
 Who cuts him loose from hell as with a knife,  
 And drags him from the devil's very mart;  
 Who gives him strength to brave temptation's dart;  
 Who floods the narrow river of his life;  
 Who stands behind him in the endless strife,  
 And, when he's doubting, shows him one pure heart;  
 Who, when he totters and is awed by fear,  
 Still guides that weary struggler to his goal;  
 Who lifts him from seclusion's ghastly bier;  
 Who stands htm on his feet and makes him whole;  
 Who makes his life, once hated, loved and dear—  
 He does God's work, and saves a human soul.

# At the Throat of the Republic

## Third Article—After the Election

By Charles Edward Russell

**Editor's Note.**—The third article on the extent and method of crime against the suffrage deals with fraud in the counting of votes and the means to prevent investigation and punishment taken by those who have power to thwart the will of the people. The alarming situation in regard to the growing prevalence of election frauds is one that vitally concerns the future of our Republic. From a conservative estimate only one in twenty thousand election crimes is followed by actual punishment. It has been the *Cosmopolitan's* aim to drive this fact home to the American people.



ROUND and around goes the endless chain that the public - utility corporations work through the corrupted ballot-box, and the course that it takes is after this manner:

These corporations, railroad, traction, gas, electric lighting companies (now commonly under one management or amalgamated by allied interests of plunder), secure special privileges that enable them to make great profits. With a part of these profits they contract with the vote-brokers for the means by which legislation and government are controlled. With such control thus secured they obtain additional privileges and additional profits. And so on, if you please, to the end of the chapter.

No corrupt-practices act hinders in any way these transactions, for the reason that the payments of money involved therein do not pass through the hands of any political party, nor of any campaign committee, nor of any candidate. Consequently these payments do not appear in any of the statements of election expenses exacted by the blessed election-purity laws. The money negotiations are between the vested interests

and the vote-brokers. Wall Street and the Bowery hobnob for once and with suspicious good feeling. Political leaders may share in and assist the business, may know exactly how the thing is done and reap sweet harvests from the doing of it; they do not themselves pay the brokers, and hence the traffic is as secret as pool-rooms and very much safer.

Indeed, some of the election laws read as if framed expressly to assist the frauds. Take, for instance, the arrangements for counting the votes after they have been cast, a pivotal and vital matter. Political parties are allowed to have watchers at the counting, but these watchers have no authority, no responsibility, and no legal status. They are hired for the occasion, they receive small compensation, if any, and even if they cannot be purchased they can usually be fooled or frightened. Suppose, then (as very often happens), the precinct election officers to have been bought in one interest, and the opportunities for fraud would be practically boundless. With no more of the machinery than this you can make any election what you will.

When the polls are closed the ballot-boxes are opened, and the election officers begin to count the votes. All the straight tickets are separated from the scratched or

mixed tickets. Then one man counts the straight tickets for each party, using the names of the leading candidates, while another man keeps tally. "Smith, one," says the counter; "Smith, one," responds the tally-man, over his sheets, and so on up to five, when he says, "Smith, tally," and crosses four straight marks with a diagonal line. After the straight tickets they count similarly the scratched tickets and announce the result, which is entered upon a blank form called the return-sheet. Suppose the tally-sheet shows Smith has received 247 votes, Jones 211. The man making out the returns can make these figures what he pleases; he can reverse them if he choose, and give Jones 247, Smith 211. Supposing (as very often happens) the board to have been looked after by the vote-brokers, the only chance for detection would lie in the watchers, and even if the watchers were not venal they would have next to no chance to discover what had been done. Now add to this the fact that, under the existing laws in New York and many other states, if the tally-sheet figures be erased or juggled or made to agree with the false returns there can ordinarily be no chance of detection, and you have the whole imposing structure of fraud before you.

Investigations in New York show that when election boards can be bought at all you can get them for about two hundred dollars apiece. You need not buy more than three or four hundred. Say four hundred, costing eighty thousand dollars, and franchises at stake worth seven hundred million. It is apparent that even if the boards cost one hundred thousand dollars apiece they would be cheap.

#### NEW YORK'S RECORD OF SHAME

Anyway, here are the facts. In the districts of the well-to-do, where order reigns and men may make themselves heard, the watchers are known men, not venal, and not disturbed. In regions where the thuggery side of vote-brokerage has full play the "watching" is a farce, a foolish and useless device, a protection that never protects. The watchers are bought or intimidated or beaten or driven away, and the men that manipulate the count make it what they please. Being once so made, it is, as a rule, accepted as veritable, and what is called by some perversion of speech a verdict of the ballot-box obtained in this manner

becomes the inexorable law of the land.

This is exactly what happened in New York in 1905, and, as you will see later, it is what happens continually wherever occurs an election important to the welfare of the vested interests.

When the polls were closed that day and the counting began it was soon evident to all experienced observers that the vested interests were beaten. There is no legerdemain about this reading of the cards: I handled election returns in New York for thirteen years, and I know that in any election conducted with a fair degree of honesty any experienced man will undertake to tell at seven o'clock within three thousand of the city's vote. So the vested interests that night were clearly beaten up to ten o'clock. At ten o'clock the returns ceased absolutely from all the thuggery regions, then about half counted. I have never known that pause to occur in New York or elsewhere except when there was juggling being done; nor has anyone else.

On that night the pause was so absolute and so long that many men remarked it and suspected the cause. Mr. Jerome took note of it and sent his men hurrying in automobiles about the city to stop the villainy. Mr. Morgan, state superintendent of elections, noticed it and complained to Police Inspector Brooks. At his insistence other men were sent in other automobiles to warn the election officers that they were violating the law. Many men were sent; scores of them. But there are 1948 polling-places in New York. It was impossible to reach more than a small fraction of them.

At half-past eleven the returns were resumed. It was seen now that the vested interests were gaining, and they continued to gain until the end, when they had won (on the face of the returns) by a narrow margin.

Meantime, what had been going on at the places where the votes were being counted? This had been going on. In literally hundreds of instances the figures on the return-sheet were reversed or juggled so as to show a larger vote for the vested interests than the vested interests received. Thus, if the tally-sheet of a precinct showed that the vested interests received 140 votes and the opposition received 180 votes the returns were made out to show that the vested interests received 180 and the opposition 140. When this had been done the tally-sheet was smeared, defaced, mutilated, blotted, or

written over so as to conceal as far as possible the discrepancy between the returns and the actual totals of votes cast. In some cases this was done very hastily and imperfectly, and in some cases it was done with evident skill and care; but in some shape it was done wherever it was needed.

Now of all this there is not the slightest doubt. It is perfectly well known and easily demonstrable to any comprehension. For instance, while the polls are open and the votes are being received, an official called the ballot-clerk sits before the pile of blank ballots, one of which he issues to each duly qualified voter after the voter has been passed by the inspectors in charge of the registration lists. This ballot-clerk is required to make a return of the ballots entrusted to him—how many were issued, how many were spoiled, how many were found to be defective in printing, how many remained at the end of the day. The figures on this report of the ballot-clerk ought always to correspond with the totals on the tally-sheet and the totals on the final returns. Thus, if the ballot-clerk's report showed that four hundred ballots were issued to voters and the tally-sheet showed that five hundred votes had been cast, that would be proof that something was wrong.

In more than nine hundred precincts of the 1948 in New York city there appeared exactly this telltale discrepancy between the figures of the ballot-clerk and the figures of the final returns, and in each of these instances the tally-sheets showed signs of erasures and alterations, sometimes with acids, sometimes with ink. Nothing could be clearer, therefore, than that the vote as shown by the final and accepted returns was not the vote as cast in the ballot-boxes.

There appeared presently innumerable confirmations of this fact. Men that had been engaged in falsifying returns tried to conceal their work by hiding or destroying the ballots and the ballot-boxes. A three hours' inspection of the returns revealed more than five hundred palpable frauds. In four districts examination of the tally-sheets showed that 174 votes credited to the opposition had been suppressed in the final returns and that eighty-eight votes given to the vested interests in the final returns were not on the tally-sheets at all. In one of these districts, that presided over by Mr. McCarren's lieutenant, "Eddie" Milan, the vested interests

were credited in the final returns with two hundred votes when they received only 130, while the opposition was credited with 123 fewer votes than it received.

Later, when four of the ballot-boxes were opened and the votes recounted, certain proof of fraud was discovered in each of them. In no case did the contents agree with the juggled figures of the tally-sheets. In one instance forty void ballots had been counted for the vested interests.

These things were the climax of a day of rampant crime. I have recounted many illustrations of that day's work. I must give a few more. In the Twenty-second Assembly District the returns of one precinct as finally made showed 484 votes cast. Shortly after the returns were sent in a watcher discovered that the ballot-clerk's tally showed 436 votes had been cast. A protest being made, inspectors and watchers went to the police station and asked for the return of the ballot-boxes. The police captain peremptorily refused the request. Whereupon the watchers went home. The police captain then reconsidered his decision, the inspectors took the boxes and made the ballot-clerk's statement agree with the returns.

In many precincts whence the watchers had been driven by thugs and the black-jack gangs, ballots were taken from the boxes and destroyed and handfuls of other ballots, marked for the vested-interests candidates, were substituted. Lead-pencils were provided that made a mark at first black and later turning to blue, and known opposition voters were induced to use these, thereby invalidating their ballots. In some instances the chairmen of the polling-places were supplied with ballots marked for the vested-interests ticket, and they substituted these for the ballots of opposition voters.

#### PUBLIC INDIGNATION AROUSED

Upon the clear revelation of such facts as these public indignation was aroused, and a citizens' movement undertook to rescue the right of free elections from the corporations that suppressed it. I know of nothing in our history more instructive than the contest that followed. The main thing at issue was to get the ballot-boxes opened, the votes recounted, and the frauds corrected. Every stage of every effort toward this end was fought by the vested interests with all the resources of boundless wealth



and legal cunning. Every advantage won by the citizens was immediately nullified by one of the legal expedients now become perfectly familiar in corporation tactics, by an injunction, or a stay, or a demurrer requiring argument and affording delay, until, more than two years after the election, there is still presented the strange and menacing spectacle of men in office that were not elected to office and held there by the sole power of the vested interests to thwart justice.

#### REAL SOURCE OF THE INIQUITY

As to the real source of this iniquity I report three illuminating incidents:

First. The checks of the Consolidated Gas Company were used to pay the campaign expenses of some of the vested-interests candidates.

Second. At one stage of the struggle for justice the legislature of 1906 was petitioned to pass an act for the opening of the boxes and the recounting of the vote. Whereupon the vested interests dropped all their differences, combined their forces at Albany, whipped into line every corporation servant, and defeated the bill. That is to say, having by foul means secured control of the legislative body, they used that control to prevent any investigation of the methods by which they secured their power.

Third. One of the most intolerable and outrageous cases of election fraud was that of Samuel K. Ellenbogen, a city marshal of New York, who was caught in the very act of colonizing in behalf of the vested interests, and aggravated his offense by bold and astounding perjury. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years and two months in Sing Sing.

But no one suffers much for these crimes. The laws exist, the penalties are provided, the courts sit, the police parade, the prisons frown, and in the faces of august state and reverend justice the election thief and the republic strangler work unabashed and unafraid. Spasmodically, when their deeds become too bold and too offensive, or when some circumstance compels to them the fugitive attention of a careless public, a man or two from the lower ranks of the busy thieves is picked out for vicarious atonement; but even then behind the altar is always the handy governor or the useful legal quibble. So overwhelming is the mass of election crimes to their punishment that the laws on the subject amount to nothing;

without exaggeration they may be said to be "rotting away with rust in antique sheaths." Nobody cares for their influence, a mysterious but wonderfully effective power protects any man that may chance to be arrested, and as the public interest in any election invariably expires with the last returns, the most flagrant election criminal is shortly forgotten and goes free. On that election day of 1905 in New York city, when the frauds surpassed all previous records and were declared by the state superintendent of elections to have been "appalling," about one thousand arrests were made. Of these the history is hardly calculated to cheer the drooping patriot. After influence and indifference had done their perfect work there appeared a net total of twenty-four convictions. All in all there must have been in New York that day sixty thousand separate violations of the election laws. Twenty-four convictions out of sixty thousand offenses would not seem noticeably to vindicate the majesty of the law or the sanctity of the ballot-box.

Of 110 men arraigned for these offenses at the Yorkville police court only six were held; of sixty-four arraigned at the Harlem police court two were held; of seventy-four arraigned in the West Side police court four were held; of forty-one arraigned at the Tombs two were held. I suppose nothing could better illustrate the levity with which we habitually regard these matters. Here were 289 men arrested for the gravest offense that can be committed in a republic, and 275 of them were immediately turned loose without competent knowledge of their guilt or innocence.

The case of Krup, Krup the confessed repeater and penniless vagabond that forfeited bail in five thousand dollars and is now employed by the pool-room syndicate of San Francisco—come back for a moment to that, for it was typical. No effort was ever made to rearrest Krup, no effort was made to punish the men that enabled him to escape, no responsibility was placed upon his lawyers from whose hands he slipped, nothing more was heard, nor will be heard, of his abominable story nor of the stories of the other men engaged in the like conspiracies. Affidavits were made to more than one hundred separate cases of certain fraud in the Fifteenth Assembly District, and not one of these cases ever got into a court, not one of the perpetrators was punished, and



Drawn by William R. Leigh

MEN THAT HAD BEEN ENGAGED IN FALSIFYING RETURNS TRIED TO CONCEAL THEIR WORK BY HIDING OR DESTROYING THE BALLOTS AND THE BALLOT-BOXES

the men that stole that election are prepared to steal any other.

A few men were convicted, oh, yes; a handful of obscurities went to Sing Sing, and some of them have not yet been pardoned out. Joseph O'Brien was one. He was a very flagrant repeater, a shameless and reckless election thief, and on overwhelming evidence he was sentenced to three years and six months. Being the chief herder or guard of a Bowery lodging-house gang that had spent the day in depositing fraudulent votes, he knew the secrets of the whole business. On conviction he offered to turn state's evidence. A great man in politics, a trusted servitor of the vested interests, posted hotfoot to the Tombs prison. Certain undertakings were made to care for O'Brien's family and for himself when he should be released. Whereupon he refused to turn state's evidence and is now, in the proud phrase of his district, "taking his medicine like a man." He, then, is one of the offenders above whom justice did really shake her sword; and the extent of the awe she inspired may be gaged

by a few minutes' conversation with any of O'Brien's companions.

And are these conditions peculiar to New York? Take a look about the country.

#### IN OTHER CITIES

I have told of the extraordinary and amazing frauds that accompanied the election of 1905 in Louisville, Kentucky. From those many thousands of transgressions there came finally to court, by aid of a movement of indignant citizens, ninety cases, of which the following is a summary:

Dismissed by grand jury .....	37
Acquitted on trial .....	29
Filed away and allowed to lapse .....	8
Pending in court of appeals .....	11
Fled from jurisdiction .....	2
Hung jury .....	1
No disposition .....	1
	89
Convicted .....	1
Total .....	90

Of all the men that violated the election laws that day only one has so far (after a lapse of more than two years) been punished. He was a negro that pleaded guilty and was

## At the Throat of the Republic

sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Among the charges preferred against the others were false registration, forcibly interfering with election officers, pointing a revolver at a sheriff, false certification, false swearing, padding the registration, destroying ballots. Beyond any question thousands of these crimes were committed. Only one man has been punished for them. He was without a "pull."

Of eleven prisoners examined in Albany in 1906 for election frauds three were held to the grand jury and eight discharged. Several grand juries have since been in session; the three men have not been indicted.

Five men were arrested in Indianapolis election day, 1906, for illegal voting. All were discharged the next morning.

In North Providence, Rhode Island, many warrants for illegal registration were issued on indubitable testimony secured by a citizens' committee. Only one man was arrested. He has not been punished.

In St. Louis, where election crimes have been very flagrant because of the well-known alliance between a political boss and the corporations, a determined prosecuting attorney has been trying to secure the punishment of some of the worst offenders. He has prosecuted in thirty-five cases growing out of the elections of 1905 and 1906, with the result that thirty-two cases are still pending, chiefly on appeal from conviction, two new trials have been granted, and in one case, where the prisoner pleaded guilty, sentence was suspended. So of the thirty-five all are still free and likely to be.

In Newark, New Jersey, in 1906, eighteen men were held on the charge of illegal registration, and the grand jury has never indicted any of them.

In St. Paul at the primary election in October frauds were discovered in the Third Precinct of the Sixth Ward, by which, in the manner so often used in New York and elsewhere, the tally-sheets showed wrong totals. Thus, one candidate actually received fifty-three votes, and the tally-sheet gave him eighty-four; another received twenty-seven votes, and the tally-sheet gave him five. Two election judges were indicted. After the indictment the tally-sheet and official returns, constituting the chief evidence in the case, mysteriously disappeared. Consequently the accused men were acquitted. In April, 1906, the grand jury indicted two men for illegal

registration. When the first case came to trial it was found that the principal witness for the prosecution had fled from the state. The first man was therefore acquitted, and the indictment against the other was quashed.

In Detroit, Frank X. Beyer, an election clerk at the September primaries, was indicted for manipulating the tally-sheets (à la New York). One man actually received thirty-one votes; he was credited with 144. Beyer is out on five hundred dollars bail, awaiting trial. Charles A. Scanlon, another election clerk, was indicted for giving a candidate (on the tally-sheet) sixty votes more than he received. Acquitted. These are the net legal results of all the frauds committed in Detroit in recent years.

In Kansas City a Committee of Safety, formed to secure clean elections, has caused in two years the arrest of fifty-two floaters and illegal voters. Of these twelve have been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, and forty have gone free. One of the twelve was pardoned after serving one month of his sentence. All the convicted men were negroes. Several are now in the penitentiary. Some thousands of illegal votes have been cast meantime. With the exceptions noted none of the men that cast these votes has been inconvenienced.

In Cincinnati, in 1906, William A. Cordesmann, a judge of elections, was removed by the election board for allowing eighteen unregistered men to vote. Warrants were issued for twenty-one illegal voters. None of them was arrested. Later fifty-one other warrants of the like nature were issued, and a few of them were served. The grand jury indicted twenty-six persons. Two of them were found, one was convicted. Isaac Gottlieb, a local politician, was arrested for aiding in false registration. The case never came to trial. The cases of thirty-four floaters were presented to the grand jury and dropped. James Carroll was convicted of having registered from three different places. Another was charged with perjury in connection with registration; not convicted. Total: about seventy warrants issued, three convictions, and about ten thousand fraudulent votes cast. The Honest Elections Committee, in 1905, secured absolute proof of six hundred illegal registrations, but the authorities declined to take any action. A detective em-

ployed by the committee was beaten almost to death by one of the gang of thugs employed by the vote-brokers. The brokers were recognized as the same men that conducted fraudulent elections in St. Louis. They were not molested.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, at the November election of 1903, seven arrests were made on charges of violating the

That was in September, 1905. He is still out on bail pending an appeal. Every year floaters or supposed floaters are arrested in Cleveland, but nothing ever comes of the arrests. Down in Block Island, Hon. James A. Williams, formerly Prohibition candidate for attorney-general of the state, had two men arrested in 1903 for voting illegally. The cases are still sleeping in the



*Drawn by William R. Leigh*

A GREAT MAN IN POLITICS, A TRUSTED SERVITOR OF  
THE VESTED INTERESTS, POSTED HOTFOOT  
TO THE TOMBS PRISON

election laws, chiefly for bribery. Some of the cases were apparently outrageous. Nothing was heard of them after election day, and the records show that they were abandoned by the state. In Rochester, New York, there were two arrests for illegal registration, and one for attempted bribery. All were dropped. In Cleveland, Ohio, Michael J. Ryan, a Republican politician, was arrested for juggling registration lists.

warden's court. The same year he had three men arrested in three rural towns for openly committed frauds. The prisoners were immediately dismissed by the judges. He showed where men were illegally registered in country towns, and the authorities refused to strike out the fraudulent names or to take any action against the colonizers.

I told something last month about the

peculiarly shameless operations of the vote-brokers in Denver and of one of the gild in particular that cast six hundred fraudulent votes in one precinct. That happened in November, 1903. The man that cast the votes was at that time and is to-day a prominent member of the Denver police force. No attempt has ever been made to punish him for his offense. Although the frauds committed in Denver by the public-utility corporations have been monstrous and notorious, practically nothing has ever been done to punish any of the perpetrators. At the time of the Peabody-Adams contest the supreme court did send to jail on contempt proceedings thirty-nine so-called election thieves, but within a few months the public-utility corporations secured the release of all the prisoners. Two election officers were prosecuted and convicted by the district attorney for manipulating ballot returns (à la New York), but they were pardoned. Total result, nothing; total crimes, ten thousand fraudulent votes in 1903, eight thousand in 1904, two thousand in the spring of 1906, thirty-five hundred in the fall of 1906.

#### ELECTION FRAUD IN CHICAGO

In Chicago, where the dealings in votes have usually been about as frankly conducted as the dealings in butter, a perfectly typical case came to public attention in 1903. One of the most candid of the election-law offenders was Alderman John Brennan, well known to be the great and good friend of the vested interests. In the judicial election of June these interests had a peculiarly strong concern. A newspaper reporter disguised as a tramp went to Brennan's saloon, where he was supplied with a fictitious name, under which he voted. For this he received money from Brennan's hand. Brennan was arrested, convicted on overwhelming evidence, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. His confinement was chiefly nominal. He was allowed to drive out, he had special accommodations and privileges, and his friends helped in many ways to relieve his days of monotony. After three months of pleasant diversion at the Bridewell the plea was made that confinement was proving injurious to his health, and he was released. Those that believe everything to be perfectly lovely may be interested to learn that this ex-convict continued to be an alderman of Chicago.

Several years ago two Chicago men served terms in the penitentiary for juggling election returns (à la New York), but as a rule, there as elsewhere immunity prevails for all these crimes. In 1903 six election officers from the Nineteenth Ward were indicted for gross frauds. The prosecuting attorney went to trial with one, the judge took the case from the jury on the ground that the evidence was insufficient, and the other cases were never tried. One of Brennan's lieutenants was convicted with him; all of the judges and clerks of election involved were sent to jail for contempt of court. That is the extent of Chicago's record in recent years. Fewer than a dozen convictions, perhaps two hundred arrests, and about twelve thousand fraudulent votes on the market.

In Omaha in the last few years there have been twenty-one arrests for election frauds, but there has never been a conviction in the county in any such case. Sixteen of the twenty-one cases were against election officers for illegal practices and juggling returns (à la New York). Only two of these cases went to trial, both resulting in acquittal. Four cases are still designated as "pending." The rest were dismissed. At the municipal election of May, 1906, it was declared that more than one-fifth of the registrations were illegal. Two hundred and seventy-five warrants were issued for illegal registrations in one ward. A detective employed by the Civic Federation showed where 310 men were fraudulently registered in the Third Ward alone. Net result, twenty-one arrests, no conviction.

In Portland, Oregon, where, as I have related, a railroad company interfered most criminally in an election in which it was interested, thirteen of the railroad officials and employees were indicted. One was convicted, the other cases were dismissed by the district attorney. The convicted man has not been sent to prison. In Trenton, New Jersey, although "it was known to a certainty that votes were bought and sold and that elections were carried in that way . . . it was generally felt that the men that were dealing in votes were also in command and control of the grand juries and other court machinery and that offenders were in this way reasonably safe from suffering whatever penalty the law might inflict in case of conviction." In Hartford, Connecticut, at the spring election of 1903,



one John F. O'Neil attempted to juggle the returns (à la New York) and was caught and fined fifty dollars. This is the only election-fraud case brought to justice in five years.

When the reformers obtained control of Philadelphia and illuminated the boldest and most extensive election frauds ever committed in this country, the total number of voters in the city was reduced from 350,000 to 269,000, showing the existence of eighty-one thousand fraudulent registrations. The reformers also instituted proceedings against 166 of the criminals responsible for these offenses. The charges included such things as carrying off ballot-boxes and stuffing them with fraudulent votes, perjury, conspiracy, forgery, intimidation, and padding the lists. So far forty-one persons have been convicted in these actions, thirteen have been acquitted, and the cases of 112 are pending. Most of the convicted men suffered the grievous penalty of twenty-five dollars fine. In regard to one of the acquittals it is proper to add that the judge set the verdict aside as contrary to evidence and severely rebuked the jury. Net result, eighty-one thousand crimes, several hundred arrests, 166 indictments, forty-one convictions.

Here is a tabulation of election frauds:

City	Estimated number of election crimes	Arrests	Indictments	Convictions
New York (1905)	60,000	1000	75	24
Philadelphia (1904)	81,000	700	166	41
Omaha (1906)	2000	21	—	—
Chicago (1903)	12,000	200	20	10
Denver (1903)	10,000	—	—	—
Cincinnati (1905)	10,000	70	26	1
Kansas City (last two years)	5000	52	52	12
St. Louis (1905 and 1906)	5000	200	35	1

#### THE WARNING FROM HISTORY

In the light of these facts we may well take time to examine for our instruction this old man of the sea that we placed upon our necks when we began to grant private franchises for public utilities. We can also perceive clearly the secret of many election puzzles and understand at last why it is impossible to secure any legislation that will check the power of the railroads or the disastrous practice of stock-watering; we can know at once the story of the election of 1896 and the true history of the railroad rate bill. So long as the vested interests select our candidates and the vote-brokers determine their election, shall we do anything

but waste time if we advocate measures of improvement? For here lies the plain fact that, year by year, these crimes become worse and more general, and whereas they were once done by partisan adherents for partisan advantage, now they are committed by the hired men of the corporations.

Are we the pioneers upon this road? Not at all. It is a path beaten hard by the feet of nations. Take down your Froude's "Caesar" and reread how once before the like influences controlled in like manner the elections of another republic.

"To make money—money by any means, lawful or unlawful—became the universal passion. . . . The elections were managed by clubs and coteries; and, except on occasions of national danger or political excitement, those who spent most freely were most certain of success. . . . The Commonwealth was a plutocracy. The free forms of the constitution were themselves the instruments of corruption. . . . The election day came. The noble lords and gentlemen appeared in the Campus Martius with their retinues of armed servants and clients. . . . Votes were given for Gracchus. Had the hustings been left to decide the matter, he would have been chosen; but as it began to appear how the polling would go, sticks were used and swords; a riot rose, the unarmed citizens were driven off." And so on to the end of free government in Rome.

Exactly how we are to avoid the significance of these facts is not clear. To refer them to the "literature of pessimism" and so comfortably forget them all hardly seems to be sufficient. While we are forgetting them the railroads, for instance, protected by their legislative puppets, annually slaughter more of us and exact more of our means by illegal or improper stock issues, and the gas companies become more defiant and lawless. To put our trust in the glorious spirit of optimism is doubtless well, but while we are optimistic the purely practical difficulty of carrying any election against the will of the corporations seems to increase. Elsewhere the encroachments of such influences upon popular government have always had one result. Doubtless we shall be the one shining exception to the rule of history, but, looking over the increasing number of election thefts and the growing immunity of election thieves, the great question seems to be—How?



Drawn by Harry Linnell

## The New Bear

By Walter Dodge

PEEKY-WEEKY Teddy bear, peeping through the door:  
 "Look what little Mabel's got—*fickle* Mabel Moore!

"A new bear, a dude bear, all dressed up to kill!  
 Isn't he disgusting? It almost makes me ill!

"I'll never speak to her again; I'll never, *never* play.  
 With any girl that gives *me* up for *such* a popinjay.

"I wish I had a pop-gun, I'd like to shoot that hat;  
 I wish *he* was a baseball and *I* was at the bat!

"I wish—I wish—oh, what's the use! I won't wish any more.  
 But if he should *dare* to come in here I'd *squeeze* him in the door."



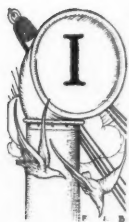
THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN—IN THE TURRET

## The Lads Who are Taking the Fleet Around

HEROES OF THE TURRET AND THE TOPS. AN INTERESTING COMPARISON IN HEROISM, YANKEE AND JAPANESE. THE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN NAVY. AND THE ORIGIN OF ITS MEN

By Richard Barry

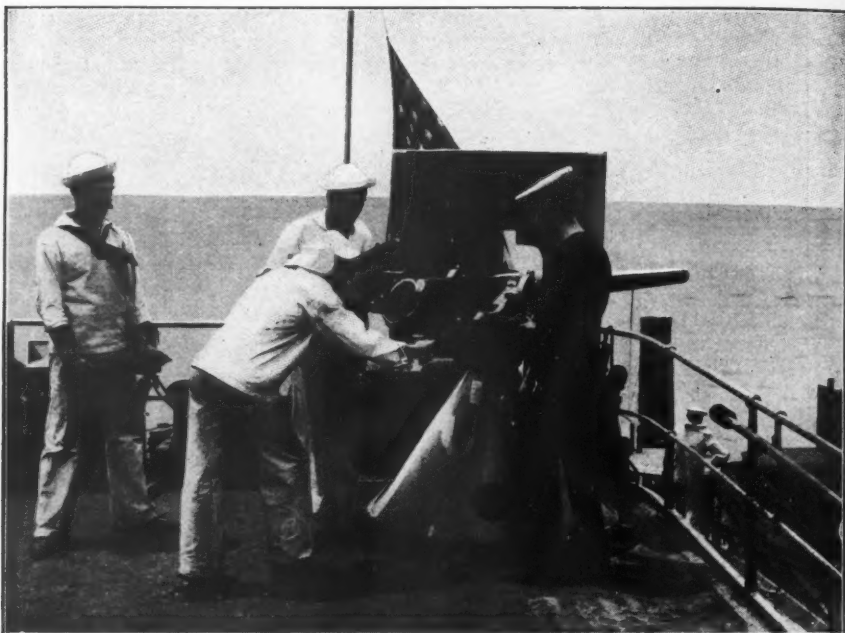
*Special Correspondent with the Battle-ship Fleet*



IN one of those memorable not-to-be-published interviews which the President is so fond of giving, I once heard Mr. Roosevelt deliver a final answer to all who look with fear upon the prowess of the navy that defeated Russia.

It was the morning after the *Diana* had been chased back into Port Arthur by Togo's cruisers and while a report was abroad (later proved false) that the Russian vessel had been sunk. The press was ringing with devotion to Japan and

with appreciation of the heroism of her men. We had seen them go to death and worse than death with fatalistic equanimity, we had seen them perform sea deeds as daring as any that ever illumined history, and we had not been slow to twine laurel round the bantam victors in a mighty conflict with apparently superior foes. I was just back from four months on the battle-fields before Port Arthur with Nogi, and was talking to a man who, while he had been the historian of the American navy, its assistant secretary, and was now its commander-in-chief, was yet enthusiast enough and fighter enough to give full meed of glory to the



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#### TARGET-PRACTICE ON AN AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP

new brown brother who was startling the world.

It was in the President's small private office in the executive wing of the White House, a place very scantily furnished with books and documents, an office as simple and direct as the man who occupied it. He took from beside his ink-well a small book of easy pocket-size and, holding it forth, said, "I read that every day."

It was a copy of Inazo Nitobe's "Bushido," in which one may find a very clear and forceful exposition of the Japanese chivalric code. There one may read that it is better to die by one's own hand than to be taken prisoner by an enemy, that a knight's soul goes into the casting and tempering of the steel that forms his sword, that his sea-sword in time of war is the armor-plate on his battle-ship, and that one must never hate his enemy though he must hate himself if he do not conquer that enemy.

Then, without waiting for comment, and as though anticipating a question that might be asked, Mr. Roosevelt took from the top drawer of his desk a typewritten manuscript and handed it to me, saying:

"There is the American 'Bushido.' Whenever I find myself overawed with the marvelous spirit of these Japanese I turn to that brief report; it is answer enough. There is abroad a feeling that our navy is not in condition, that the spirit of our men is lagging, that we are living in a myth of sea 'daring' that has come down to us from the early part of last century. Whenever that word comes to me I reply: 'Remember what Monssen did on the *Missouri*. History records no more heroic act. It was courage in perfection. And it is an exemplar of the spirit of the American navy.'"

The manuscript was the report of Captain Cowles of an act which the secretary of the navy characterized as "most darddevil in its absolute defiance of death itself."

On the morning of April 13, 1904, the *Missouri*, Captain Cowles, was engaged in target-practice off Pensacola, Florida. Shortly after eleven there was a peculiar muffled report. Then flames shot upward from the after-turret. A small explosion had occurred, and the magazine was in danger of fire.

The gravity of this danger became ap-

parent only after fire and collision quarters had been sounded. The crew took their stations, the ship was headed for the beach, and the flood-cocks were opened. Ordinarily these flood-cocks would have flooded all the magazines and thus have averted further explosions. But the twelve-inch starboard magazine could not be flooded, and in the upper part of this magazine a blaze could now be seen from the outside. It seemed but a matter of a few minutes before the battle-ship would be blown to atoms.

A number of men tried to throw water on the flames. They failed. The only way to reach the fire was to hurl the water through a scuttle in the door. The door itself was closed and locked, and none dared open it, for so doing would create a draft which would instantly fan the flames and precipitate the explosion.

At this moment Chief Gunner's Mate Monssen arrived; not in war, with "Bushido" in his pocket or his brain, but just because he was an American on the job. He had seen that all attempts to throw water on the flames had been futile; also that it would be many minutes

before hose could be brought up and water trained through the scuttle into the room. The one chance to save the battle-ship was for some one to get into that room instantly, and the one way to get into the room was to

go through the eighteen-inch-square scuttle.

Monssen walked to the scuttle, pulled himself up, and began wriggling his body through, head first. The men all paused in their work. Discipline at once relaxed in the immediate vicinity, for elsewhere the fire was out and this extraordinary disappearance of a man into a blazing magazine quite stunned every officer and bluejacket who saw it.

Inch by inch the gunner crawled into a room where every second death—instant obliteration—was waiting for him.

The reason the President called this deed "courage in perfection" was that Monssen had time to think. As with the *keisshetai*

(certain death) parties which the Japanese sent against the Port Arthur forts, there was that long, laborious, terrible suspense. There was no emotional leap into supreme danger, no obvious disciplinary duty to hold him to the task; only a certainty of extreme



MONS MONSSEN, HERO OF THE ACCIDENT ON THE MISSOURI, APRIL 13, 1904



physical torture, with only one chance in a thousand of escape with life.

Monssen crawled, squeezed, wrenched himself in. Presently his heels disappeared from the sight of his awestruck shipmates, and he was alone in a trap the thought of which sends a shiver down the back.

Meanwhile the commander of the ship, Captain Cowles, had arrived and was look-

most horrible in suspense. Those outside did not know what Monssen was doing. They got no sight, no sound. They had opened the flood-cocks of that particular magazine at last, and the water was slowly flooding in. Yet the water was flowing in at the bottom and rising but a few inches a minute, while the fire was at the top and eating down a few feet a minute. The

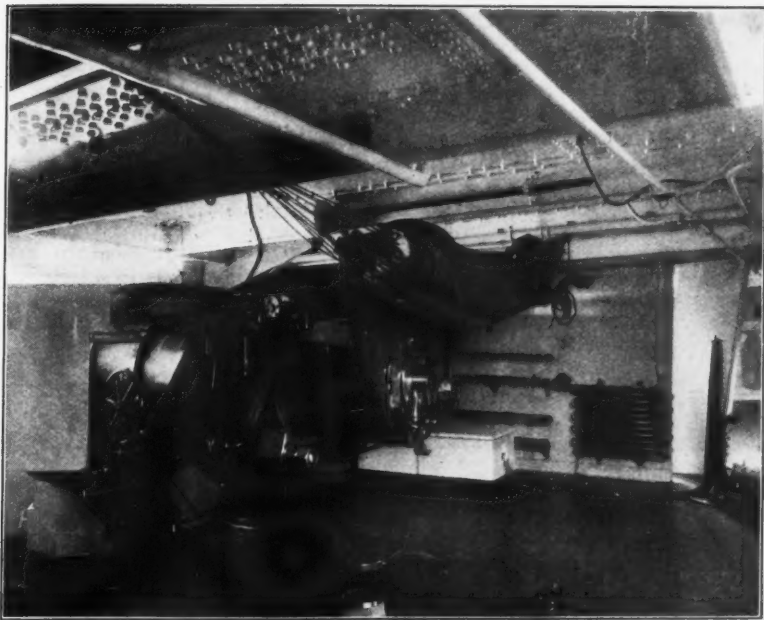


THE CONFUSION OF PREPARATION—COALING A BATTLE-SHIP AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD

ing and waiting with many of his officers and men around him. In such a moment history is made by seconds. What has been so far described occupied about two minutes, but the following minute was the

flames were on a level with a man's head, which could be seen bobbing up and down within.

When Monssen first dropped inside he found himself blinded with smoke and



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#### SLEEPING BETWEEN DECKS

stified with heat. He had nothing to fight the fire with except his bare hands, and with these he fought. With the flesh peeling from the bones of his hands and with his arms slowly cooking, he pounded for fully a minute at the flames above his head. And then he felt the water coming up over his feet. He stooped and plunged his face into the glad wet, then scooped up a double handful of the stuff and threw it on the flames. Furiously energetic, insanely fighting, he threw the water, handful by handful. In three or four minutes the last vestige of flame had disappeared. Then he called, "Open the door!"

As Monssen stumbled forth, shreds of flesh peeling from his face and arms, the men of the *Missouri* looked on him as a Shadrach returning from the fiery furnace. Captain Cowles was the first to show appreciation of his heroic deed, and the President of the United States was not the last.

That report of Captain Cowles may or may not have been in the President's cabin on the 16th of last December when he stood on the deck of the *Mayflower* and watched Admiral Evans steam out of Hampton Roads with his great fleet bound for the

Pacific. But in his heart was its lesson of pride and belief, for he knew that while we outmatch the Japanese in guns and in ships we are also at least their equals in that which finally rules in time of war—spirit.

However, in contrasting the American and Japanese navies, leaving those statistics of armament and price and numbers to whomever may be interested in such things, more intimate conclusions come to mind. There are plenty of accidents in our sea service, and plenty of heroes to meet them. There were Lieutenant Cronan, who gave his thumb to save six men in the turret of the *Connecticut*; Bluejacket George Breeman, who leaped into the magazine of the *Kearsarge* and saved her much as Monssen did the *Missouri*; Chief Carpenter's Mate Klein, who saved the *Raleigh*; and many others. Not a three-month passes without some heroic act. They are in the line of duty, and the men make no more of them than does the ordinary city fireman who answers constantly the call of the flames.

The origins of the men who have done the heroic things for Japan in time of war and for Uncle Sam in time of peace are curiously similar. The personnel of the



two navies, though illustrating the contrast in the two countries, is yet made up of very similar elements. As a basis Japan has her fishermen from the small hamlets of the seacoast, men long inured to the deep, men whose fathers and fathers' fathers before them called the ocean home. And we have the remnants of the old Yankee sailormen who went from Gloucester and Marblehead, from Portland and Bedford, from Bath and Montauk to the Banks for fish and to the Arctic for whale. In proportion, the Yankee and Japanese fishermen in their respective navies are about the same, for only twenty per cent. of their navy seamen are recruited from the sailing vessels of ancient make, as against fifteen per cent. of ours. For the men that they get from modern steamers we take, in counterpart, Norwegians and Swedes, the best sailors in the world. Where they dip inland to get soggy *tabiied* peasants from the Hokkaido to make up a thirty per cent. we go to the farms of Kansas and Iowa, the tobacco-fields of Virginia, and the sparse farms of New England to find a thirty-five per cent.

But the most interesting element in both the Japanese and American navies comes from the most modern elements in the two countries. This is the student class, made

up of young fellows of serious ambition, thoughtful minds, and trained bodies, willing to be subjected to hardship and discipline.

Two concrete instances, one from each service, will best illustrate the force of this amazing call possessed by war-ships at sea for a very high order of imaginative mind, chained, as such minds frequently are, in poverty and obscurity.

Out of Dalny Bay to Petsewo one afternoon in the summer of



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HOW THE TEDIUM OF THE LONG VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC WILL BE RELIEVED

1904 it was my good fortune to accompany Captain Sakamoto, once commander of the *Hatsuse*, then commandant at the Dalny dockyards. As his launch steamed swiftly up the bay I heard myself addressed in perfect English by one of the common seamen, it being my misplaced position at that moment to stand in the way of the regular afternoon fire-drill. Presently the opportunity came to address my linguistic sea-mate further.

"You have been in America?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "For five years. I spent four years at Stanford, and was in my first postgraduate year at Columbia when the war came."

"And what were you studying? Hydrography?"

"Oh, no! Psychology and Romantic literature."

"But that has nothing to do with sea life."

"Only indirectly. When war was declared I came back to Japan. I wanted to get into the thick of things. I wanted action of the fiercest sort. Then, besides, I was born inland and had spent all my early life far from the sea, but the sea had always been in my blood. I had read, I had thought, I had dreamed of nothing but the sea. I wanted a career in literature, but I almost equally wanted to be a naval officer. Literature won—until this war. But now I am happy."

"You find the reality equaling the imagination?"

Because the Oriental has no humor the Japanese replied:

"Far greater. For three weeks I was so sick I could not button my shoes."

"Where did you begin?"

"On a torpedo-boat."

"The most hellishly ingenious device of man for seasickness."

"They kill or cure there in three weeks."

Later the captain said the young student was one of his most trusted men while, from the bottom of the ranks, he had proved his efficiency.

The companion American story came early in December in the navy-yard at Brooklyn while I stood by the gang-plank of the flagship, waiting to go aboard. There was a jacky close by, handling a crane, with which he was helping to hoist boxes into the hold. Presently he stopped for a moment. I had been watching him closely for some minutes. At length I placed him. He had been a fellow reporter, six years back, in Buffalo. Finally we had a chance to talk.

"Here I am, enlisted for three years—able seaman, sixteen dollars a month. I do hope I'm able enough. It was the one



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BLUEJACKETS AT SWORD DRILL



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# INSTRUCTION FOR LANDING-PARTIES—MARINES AT BAYONET DRILL

way I could find to get this trip around the Horn, and I had to go, 'twas in the blood. No, I'm not escaping jail, and I'm not absconding. No, there's no girl in it. Just an unutterable longing for the sea, and an irresistible love of fighting ships. I can even stand this eighteen-hour discipline for the chance to make this voyage."

Lovely fellows, delightful companions, educated men, dreamers, and derelicts, ready, at the word, "for a fight or a frolic," both Japanese and American were cut out of the same intellectual cloth. Both followed the flag that flew at their respective mastheads, for the same reasons, the same instincts that took forth the berserkers of old, the same implacable *Wanderlust* that drew Frobisher and Drake, Magellan and Vasco da Gama across the unknown seas.

Beside them worked such mutton-and-ale fellows as one I later found on the turret

deck, wiping the brass rails of the admiral's bridge. "I'm attached to this *Connecticut*," said he; "but she's not like a real home. I guess all the fellows feel the same at times. There are nine hundred and fifty men here, and only fifteen married. They don't get a chance to meet girls. Oh, of course, harbor girls, but they don't count.

"I'm going to study medicine when I've got money enough saved. I got sixteen dollars a month when I entered the service, and now I get thirty. I saved ten of the sixteen and now I save twenty. A sailor can do that if he's careful of his clothes. Sometimes, in a port, I spend fifty dollars in a day, but you know how that is. That's when I'm an ass. I always have remorse for about six weeks after. But I know two fellows in Columbia College who used to be in Uncle Sam's service. They saved their



money just as I'm doing, and that's where I'm going to be in another year."

When you know the spirit of an organization, and when you have learned the origin of its men, there is only one thing more to find out before you know just where they are going to stand in case of a fight. The gun is important, the man is more important, but the food that's in the man behind the gun is most important, as Dewey observed to Gridley one morning in Manila Bay.

The Japanese sailor has three cents a day for his "tummy," and the American sailor has thirty. For his three cents (six sen) Mr. Hibuki gets all the nourishment he can consistently use, but the trimmings are very scarce. He has a little bean-curd and seaweed for extras, with *sake* on the side for the seventh day, while his straight bill of fare includes rice three times and fish twice a day.

Rise into the wardroom of the Japanese battle-ship, however, and you can find no one in any of the mythical seven seas faring better than the Japanese officer. Because he really likes it he gets rice very often, and also fish. But he carries his French cook, who turns out those Japanese imitations of gravy, sauce, and batter which make the swells of Tokyo imagine they are Europeanized.

But *attendez! attendez!* Observe the bill of fare for the American jacky!

Eggs, boiled potatoes, bread and butter and coffee form his breakfast one morning. The next he has sausages and corn bread. Never more than twice a week does he have the same thing. For dinner a common menu is roast veal with gravy, boiled potatoes, succotash, bread and butter, gingerbread and coffee. For supper he will get, for instance, fried pork-chops, bread and butter, apple-sauce and tea.

On the American battle-ships forming Admiral Evans's fleet there can be found as intricate a system of eating as you may find any evening in Manhattan, between Fourth and Sixth avenues, Twenty-third and Forty-second streets. The degrees of social scale, from Sherry's to Jerry and John's, are represented.

On the *Connecticut* you will find:

First, the admiral's mess, at which Fighting Bob sits and is served in solitary state.

Second, the captain's mess, where Captain Osterhaus enjoys the same lonely and dignified distinction.

Third, the wardroom mess, known with somewhat technical familiarity as "the jollification mess." If you have any choice in the matter this is the mess you want to choose. Here gather the commissioned officers below the rank of captain, with their friends.

Fourth, the junior officers' mess. Here come the midshipmen, who, just away from Annapolis, are getting their first maritime experience.

Fifth, the chief petty officers' mess, for those in rank below midshipmen.

Sixth, the warrant officers' mess. Here gather those who, by merit or pull, have risen from the ranks to minor command.

Seventh, the general mess for the common seamen, whose menu has been mentioned.

The officers get the best there is, and buy it themselves. Each battle-ship usually has a colored chef, and special clubbing arrangements are provided at a cost to each officer of about thirty dollars a month.

Now, if it comes to a showdown which will win—"Bushido" and biscuit, or the Yankee flapjack behind the Yankee bluejacket?





FOR A MOMENT THE ROOM SEEMED TO SPIN ROUND

(*"The End of John Dykes, Burglar"*)

# The Long Arm of Mannister

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

## V. The End of John Dykes, Burglar

Illustrated by Frank Snapp

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Long Arm of Mannister" stories are connected through a main idea which may be briefly explained to the reader. Mannister is the victim of a band of conspirators, who have sought to bring about his ruin. Undaunted by the great odds against him, Mannister sets out to overcome his enemies. Circumstances are such that he is obliged to map out an entirely different plan of procedure against each of the conspirators. In doing this he shows himself a man of wonderful ingenuity and resource. The quest takes him to many parts of the world, and causes him to meet with some remarkable and exciting adventures.



MANNISTER brought his brief stay among the North West-shires to a close within the next few days. Harrison and Rundermere had disappeared as though from the face of the earth, but Dunster, although he was still civil and tried to show his gratitude, was obviously not at his ease with the man who had exposed the character of his guests, and May's white face and pathetic eyes seemed to haunt him wherever he went. He soon became conscious that she was taking every opportunity to throw herself in his way, and with a little shrug of the shoulders one night he ordered his man to pack his dressing-case, and was driven away to catch the last train to London, leaving his horses to be sold, and the remainder of his effects brought up to him later on. He saw little of his old associates during his first few days in town, but he met Jacobs one morning, and talked to him idly for a few minutes. The conversation, which was somewhat one-sided, amused Mannister. Jacobs was unable to stand still or look him in the face. He was overcome with the nervousness which is akin to fear.

"By the bye," he said, "I heard yesterday that Sophy de la Mere is about to be married."

Mannister was quietly interested. "To whom?" he asked.

"I have forgotten the name," Jacobs

said, "but it's some boy or other, about half her age. They are down at Brighton together now."

Mannister smiled, and that day he took luncheon at the Metropole at Brighton. After a glance through the visitors' register he removed his portmanteau to a more select and smaller place, farther down the sea-front. The first person he saw after he had engaged his room was the lady whose name had been mentioned to him that morning. She was crossing the hall alone, and he watched her critically for a few moments. She was still a handsome woman. Her features had always been good, and her long eyes, almond shaped and of a peculiar shade of brown, were as attractive as ever. Yes, she was a dangerous woman still, especially to a boy. She did not pretend to show any pleasure at seeing him there. She stopped short for a moment with a little start of surprise. Then she came slowly on toward him.

"My dear Mrs. De la Mere," he said, bowing over her hand, "I fear that for once in my life, at any rate, you are not glad to see me. Tell me what I have done that you should look at me as though I were an unwelcome ghost."

She laughed naturally enough. She had the pluck of a regiment of men, and it was not often that her nerve failed her. "There are times, you know," she said, "when one does not want to see even one's best friends, and I am not sure," she added, more slowly,

## The End of John Dykes, Burglar

"whether I should ever dare to reckon you among my best friends."

"Dear lady," he said, looking at her with a peculiar light in his eyes, "exactly how much of friendship have you deserved of me?"

"Men do not pay women according to their deserts," she answered. "It is your province to forgive, to make the least of injuries, to remember that we scarcely meet as equal foes."

He smiled. "Your tongue," he remarked, "is as subtle as ever. If you were an advocate, you would steal justice from the jury as you steal the hearts of men to-day. Tell me, by the bye, why you are not pleased to see me at Brighton?"

"A few months ago," she murmured, "it became necessary, in our joint interests, for you to confide in me. It was that little affair of Traske and the bracelet, you remember. I gathered then that there were several others besides Traske upon your black list."

"You yourself, my dear lady, I am sorry to say," he said, smiling.

"Ah, well," she declared, "I like this better. It is open war, then. Let it be so. I prefer it. Remember, though, that I do not know you, that if you speak to me again I shall treat you as I would any other impertinent person who was guilty of presumption."

She left him with her head in the air and a little flutter of laces and perfume, her own peculiar perfume, familiar to him for many years. He shrugged his shoulders and turned into the smoking-room, not altogether pleased. Open war made the game more difficult.

The smoking-room, he discovered, was somewhat unique. It was oriental in design and architecture, with a number of small partitions in which were lounges and small, three-legged tables. Mannister entered one, and, calling a waiter, ordered a whiskey and soda and an evening paper. He had scarcely begun to read, however, when he was interrupted by a distinct snore from the next partition. He leaned round the corner and looked to see from whom the sound came. Then he picked up his whiskey and soda, and quietly entered the partition. A man was stretched out on the lounge. He was half asleep and half drunk. His collar had given way, his tie and waistcoat were stained with wine. In front of

him was an empty champagne-bottle and a partially smoked cigar. Mannister studied him for several moments and then called a waiter.

"Do you allow people in this condition to lie about the smoking-room of the hotel?" he asked.

The waiter was apologetic. "The gentleman is very well known here, sir," he said, "or we should have had him turned out. I thought as there was no one else in the room we might let him stay and sleep it off. I have not often seen him as bad as this, sir, but he is never quarrelsome. He will be all right when he wakes up."

"You say that he is well known down here?" Mannister remarked. "Do you mean that he lives in Brighton?"

"He lives at this hotel most of the time," the waiter answered, "although he goes up to London most days."

"I think," Mannister said, "that I know him by sight. Is his name John Dykes?"

"That is it, sir," the waiter assented, "Mr. John Dykes. I have heard that he is a partner in a book-making firm."

Mannister nodded. "All right," he said, "don't disturb him. If he wakes up while I am here, I will see that he does not make himself objectionable."

The waiter hurried away to serve some newcomers, and Mannister divided his attention between the paper which he held and the features of the man who lay on the lounge before him. Certainly there was nothing in the appearance of Mr. John Dykes to appeal to the lover of the beautiful. He was short and thick-set. His round face was innocent of beard or mustache, but his complexion was of a gray, unhealthy color, and his teeth were far from perfect. His clothes were expensive, but they hung about him badly. In sleep, at any rate, his appearance was almost repulsive.

"Mr. John Dykes," Mannister said slowly to himself, "I wonder what you are doing in Brighton. You have not improved, Johnnie," he added, looking him over with quiet disgust. "You were never much to look at, but you've gone backward, if anything, a little. I think I'd like to have a chat with you."

He leaned over and struck the sleeping man on the shoulder. Dykes sat up suddenly and stared at Mannister, his mouth open in bewildered surprise.

"Eh! Eh what?" he exclaimed. "By

heaven, it's Mannister! Where have I got to?" He looked round the place, and apparently remembered. "I must have been asleep," he muttered, looking at the empty bottle. "What a throat I've got! Do you mind touching the bell?" Then he seemed suddenly to remember who his neighbor was, and he looked at him with astonishment mingled with fear. "Mannister!" he muttered. "Why, man, I thought, we thought——"

"You thought I was likely never to return to England," Mannister continued calmly. "It was just a little miscalculation, that's all. I am here, as you see. I have seen something of most of the others, but I was wondering what had become of you. I think it was Polsover who told me that you'd been doing pretty well, or was it Hambledon? Yes, it must have been Hambledon."

Dykes was sitting up now. He called for a waiter and ordered a brandy and soda. "So you're back again," he said, "and in with the old crowd, eh?"

"Precisely," Mannister assented. "I am in with the old crowd. My welcome back, I must confess, was not exactly boisterous; still I think I am making my presence felt."

Dykes nodded heavily. "I suppose," he said, "that you've come down instead of that young scoundrel Jacobs."

Mannister did not hesitate for a moment. "Exactly," he replied. "They thought it was better that I should come. Jacobs is rather well known in Brighton."

"If you'd come punctually," John Dykes grumbled, "you'd have saved me from making a bit of a fool of myself. I began to think that I must have made a mistake, and that it was to-morrow, not to-day."

"I am sorry," Mannister said. "The appointment was for to-day, but I went to the wrong hotel. Suppose you go in and have a wash, and then drink that brandy and soda. We might get on with our business then."

John Dykes rose, and lumbered heavily across the room. Mannister called him back.

"Look here," he said, "go and put a clean collar on, and brush yourself up. You're not fit to be about the place like that."

"All right," Dykes grumbled, and stumbled toward the door. Mannister returned to his seat with a smile. He still

had some of his old power over these men, the power which seems to belong to some as a natural gift. He sat down, and, lighting a cigarette, looked thoughtfully up toward the ceiling. Dykes was down here on business of some sort, and was waiting for Jacobs. His sudden idea of taking Jacobs' place had been accepted. Was it possible that, remaining in absolute ignorance of whatever this particular piece of business might be, he could play Jacobs' part until he had learned whether it was of sufficient importance to make his interference worth while? At any rate, he was running no risk, and as regards his first mission to Brighton, he had already arrived at a cul-de-sac. It was scarcely likely that he would be able to bluff Dykes into telling him anything, if the matter was really one of importance. On the other hand, the man was still in a stupid state, and the experiment would cost nothing.

Dykes returned, heavy-eyed and leaden-cheeked, but looking a little tidier and inclined to be as amiable as he knew how. He drank at a gulp the second brandy and soda which Mannister considerably ordered for him. "I say," he remarked, "there is no need to mention this." He pointed to the empty bottle. "Eh?"

Mannister assented with a little nod of the head. "All right," he said, "I don't want to make mischief. By the bye, Hambledon thought you'd better go over this matter again to me. There was not time for him to explain much, and, as you know, I've only just come back."

Dykes looked a trifle surprised for a moment. "I supposed you knew all about it," he said, looking at Mannister thoughtfully.

"Of course I do," Mannister answered, "but I didn't find Hambledon very clear on some of the points. I should like to hear it from you in your own words. You have a knack of putting these things clearly."

Dykes called the waiter. "I can't talk unless I drink," he said. "I've got a throat like a brick-kiln. Thank heaven, you aren't Hambledon! He'd shut me off liquor for a week, and at the end of that time I shouldn't have the nerve of a kitten."

"Moderation," Mannister said, "is best for you, I am sure. We will say one more brandy and soda."

"It's in this way," Dykes said, leaning across the table after a careful glance round.



## The End of John Dykes, Burglar

"You know very well that, although all of us run a bit close to the edge now and then, we're not a gang of thieves, and we don't care about getting on the wrong side of the law. This little affair comes perilously near it, which is why Hambledon and the others have kept me waiting here before they decided whether to go on or not. I take it from your wanting to hear the whole thing from me, that they've left it with you to decide. Well, here goes. It was Rundermere," he continued, speaking in a hoarse, indistinct whisper, "who first tumbled to the thing. He was hunting up in Westshire, and got to know the girl and her father. Her father is the master of a small pack of hounds there, and Phil got on visiting terms with them. What his game was I don't know, and it doesn't particularly concern us, but the girl and he were evidently pretty thick. What's wrong, eh?" he broke off a little abruptly. "You look as though you were seeing things."

"Nothing is wrong," Mannister said calmly. "I can assure you I was listening intently. Of course you are speaking now of the Hon. Jack Dunster and his daughter."

John Dykes nodded. "I see," he remarked, "that you have a good memory for names. Phil and the young woman must have got pretty thick, for she told him all about her going to court this first drawing-room, and her coming to Brighton first to stay with her aunt. Everyone in the neighborhood knew about her jewels, but again it was she who told him that she was going to bring them up with her to have them reset, so that she could wear some of them when she went to court. I saw Rundermere in town a day or so ago, looking pretty sick he was, too, and he told me, half in a joke, that if I could find a man to do a little polite burgling, there were fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds coming down to Brighton which would be worth looking after. Well, I couldn't help remembering the name, although I thought no more about it, so you can guess how I felt when the Johnnie who looks after my clothes here told me that every other room in this corridor, on my side, had been taken by a Lady Mary Dunster and her niece and servants."

"They are here now?" Mannister asked calmly.

"They are in the hotel at this identical moment," Dykes answered. "There is the girl, and she's a peach. There is the old

aunt, a bit plain, but blazing with diamonds herself. Then there is a companion of the aunt, and two maids. The rummiest part of the whole thing is that the young woman's room is next to mine, and the jewels are under her bed, in an ordinary black despatch-box with an eighteenpenny padlock."

"How do you know this?" Mannister asked.

"Why, she had visitors the other day, and I heard her fetch one out of her aunt's room to come and see her jewels. I slipped into the room opposite, which was empty, and I heard her drag the box out from under the bed. They left the door open, and I passed along the corridor a moment or two later, and there they all were upon the bed. Never in my whole life have I known such a soft thing. I heard one of the young women scold her for having the jewels up in her bedroom, and she only laughed, and said something about it being much safer to take no particular pains about them, because then no one would think they were valuable. I tell you it's just the easiest job I've ever known."

"What do you propose, then?" Mannister asked calmly.

"Well, I've got a key to the padlock," Dykes answered. "I could have walked off with the box the afternoon that I looked in to see the lock, but I hadn't any plans for getting rid of it. I can get the jewels any night after she's gone to sleep. The only trouble will be to pass them on to some one who can leave the hotel without suspicion. That's where you come in."

Mannister nodded thoughtfully. "Exactly," he remarked. "I quite see that."

"Where are you staying?" Dykes asked.

"At the Metropole," Mannister declared.

"That's all right," Dykes went on. "All we've got to do is to fix upon a time. Then you pay the bill at your hotel, you bring your luggage, you stop your cab outside this place, you come up to my room to say good-bye to me. You tell them in the hall you will be down in a second, and you come down in five minutes or so with the diamonds in your pocket. You light a cigarette in the hall, give a small tip to the commissionaire who opens your cab door, and off you go to London. Hambledon is going to make some inquiries in the city, and if he thinks it best for you to go straight to Antwerp, he will meet you, but I doubt whether

it will be necessary. You see, the joke of the whole thing is that I've been practically living in this hotel for five years, and not a soul would suspect me or any visitor of mine. I've always paid my way and tipped the servants well, and they think I am a bit of a millionaire."

"The whole thing," Mannister remarked, "seems absurdly easy, but why choose the night at all? Why not slip in when the girl's out during the afternoon?"

"Well," Dykes answered, sipping a fresh brandy and soda, which the waiter had brought him, "the girl has just enough sense to lock her door when she goes out, and, being on the first floor, there are servants passing the whole time. I could get a key to her room easy enough, but there'd always be a big chance of being seen going in or coming out. You see, there's a service room almost opposite. She goes to bed absurdly early every night, supposed to be delicate or something of the sort, and everything's quiet in her room long before eleven. I thought if I slipped in there about twenty minutes to twelve, and you came into my room at exactly that time, you would just catch the twelve o'clock to London."

"Suppose you wake her?" Mannister asked. "She might not even be asleep."

"I shall be prepared for that," Dykes answered, a little grimly; "not that I mean to do the child any mischief, of course, but she'll be easy enough to keep quiet for a few minutes. The servants go down from my floor at eleven o'clock, and the night-porter does not come on duty till midnight, so naturally the quietest time is between eleven and twelve. Now that's my idea. Do you think it's good enough?"

"What did you say is the value of the diamonds?" Mannister asked thoughtfully.

"The girl told Rundermere," Dykes answered, "that they were worth at least fifty thousand pounds."

"We both run a fair amount of risk," Mannister remarked. "How many of us are there to stand in?"

"Five," Dykes answered. "Besides ourselves there are Rundermere, Jacobs, and Hambleton. The idea was to divide two-thirds between us two, and a third among the other three."

Mannister nodded. "Very well," he said, "I should like to go up to your room, and I should like you to show me the door

of the young lady's room. If everything is as you say, I think it seems good enough, but there is one thing which I have to tell you."

"What's that?" Dykes asked.

"Rundermere sent word round this morning that some one from Streeter's was going down to-morrow for the jewels, so if you really mean business it will have to be to-night. I am afraid you are not exactly in condition for this sort of work."

Dykes straightened himself and frowned. "I can pull myself together," he said quickly. "I'd rather have had a day or so to get straight in, but it can't be helped. I was afraid that some meddling relative or other would suggest having the jeweler come down here, instead of waiting until they were in London. To tell you the truth, Mannister," he continued, leaning confidentially across the little table, "things have gone a bit queer with me lately, and I am relying upon this to pull me round. Safe though it seems, I would not touch it if I was not frightfully hard up. It's a drop lower than anything we've touched before, but it's a big business, and it's safe. I am glad you don't mind going for it. Come up and see the rooms now. It's easy enough to take you up. I often have some pals there."

Mannister rose and paid for the brandies and sodas. He glanced at the clock. It was already twenty minutes past seven.

Mannister met Mrs. De la Mere in the hall as he came down to dinner. She would have passed him by, but he stopped her quietly. "My dear Sophy," he said, "go in peace for the present. Good luck to your little matrimonial schemes. A little later on I may have something to say to you."

She raised her eyebrows, but her assumed indifference was ill done for so clever an actress. "I am immensely relieved," she assured him. "We are friends once more, then?"

Mannister bowed, and went on to the manager's office. The manager, who had seen Mannister's luggage, and noted the excellent hang of his dinner-coat, was exceedingly civil.

"I am afraid," Mannister said, "that I am going to waste your time, but if you have two minutes to spare——"

The manager sprang up, and wheeled an armchair to the fire. "Anything we can do

for you, Mr. Mannister?" he said politely. "Can I quote you reduced terms for a lengthened stay, or do you wish your room changed?"

"Neither, thank you," Mannister answered. "The fact is I am afraid you will think that I have come on a fool's errand, but in the smoking-room this afternoon I was accosted by a man who was evidently in a half-drunken state, and he insisted upon taking me for some one he knew, and telling me the details of a robbery which he declared he was about to attempt in your hotel this evening."

The manager was serious enough now, but a little dubious. "Has the man gone, sir?" he asked.

"On the contrary," Mannister answered, "I believe that he is staying here. That is why I preferred to see you privately, rather than run the risk of our all making idiots of ourselves. His name is Mr. John Dykes, and I believe he is a book-maker, or something of the sort."

"Mr. John Dykes!" the manager repeated incredulously. "Why, he has lived in this hotel for years."

"He is, none the less," Mannister remarked, "something of an adventurer. From what I could understand, there is a young lady in the room next to his, who has about fifty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds lying about loose. It sounds like a drunken man's story, but you know for yourself whether that part of it is true or not."

"There is a young lady in the room next to his," the manager admitted slowly, "and she certainly has some valuable jewelry, which, by the bye, she will not permit me to take care of."

"Then if so much of the man's story is true," Mannister said, "let me suggest that you set a watch on the corridor outside her room to-night. He told me that he meant to make the attempt between half-past eleven and twelve, and to get away, or send the jewels away by a confederate, by the twelve o'clock train to London. My own room is on that corridor, and I shall be awake and ready to join in if necessary."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," the manager said. "This is a very serious matter, and I shall certainly have the corridor protected. In fact, I shall watch myself. At the same time, Mr. Dykes has

been a very good customer here, although he is not quite the class of visitor whom we desire to encourage. Still, he has always paid his way, and he is here in season and out of season."

"I know nothing about the fellow," Mannister remarked, rising to take his leave, "except that he was three-quarters drunk this afternoon, and evidently took me for one of his friends. Of course, what I have told you I have told you in confidence. I do not care about being drawn into the matter, but I shall certainly appear if my aid is needed."

The manager bowed out his visitor. Mannister crossed the hall and entered the dining-room. His first intention had been to dine and then walk back to the Metropole, stay there until eleven o'clock, then return to his room here. About halfway through the meal, however, he was conscious that Dykes was covertly watching him through the glass partition at the other end of the room. Something in the man's face and attitude inspired Mannister with a new suggestion.

Dykes, as he knew very well, was no fool. It seemed very probable that, as his drunken fit wore off and his usual cunning reasserted itself, he would regard Mannister's presence and cooperation in his scheme with a certain amount of suspicion. His present demeanor was almost a confirmation of this. He evidently desired to remain himself unseen, but he was watching Mannister covertly, and obviously intended to see whether he left the hotel. Mannister, affecting not to notice him, paid his bill for dinner, regardless of the fact that he was staying in the hotel, and leaving the room in a leisurely manner, to allow Dykes time to watch him, put on his hat and coat and started for the Metropole. He stayed there only long enough to buy a handful of cigarettes, and, leaving the hotel by the back way, returned to the Bedford, and reached his own room without seeing anything of Dykes. He turned out the electric light, and, leaving his door ajar, sat on the bed and listened. In less than five minutes he heard exactly what he had expected. Dykes's door was softly opened, and Dykes himself came out into the corridor. For a moment or two he stood there, looking rapidly up and down. Then he fitted a key into the door exactly opposite Mannister's, opened it, and disappeared. Mannister opened his

door a little wider, and stood there waiting to accost him when he came out.

The events of the next few seconds happened so quickly that Mannister, although he always blamed himself for allowing the girl to run such a risk, knew upon reflection that he could not possibly have prevented it. The door of Lady Mary Dunster's room was suddenly opened. May Dunster herself came softly out, pushed open her own door, which was ajar, and entered, closing it after her. The shriek which almost immediately burst from her lips was half drowned by the simultaneous slamming of the door. Mannister heard enough to terrify him. He sprang across the corridor, and found to his joy the key still in the lock. He was inside in a second. The girl was in Dykes's arms, and his right hand was drawn back as though he meant to strike her and throw her away from him at the same time. The empty box was upon the bed, and his pockets were bulging. He half turned his head as Mannister entered, and relaxed his hold on the girl. For the moment he seemed uncertain as to whether Mannister had come as friend or foe. Then something in the newcomer's face told him, and with a savage cry he rushed at him, butting upward with his left arm, and holding his right in reserve. Mannister, however, was prepared, and Dykes went down like a log, felled by one lightning-like blow. Mannister stood quite still, breathing hard. The fallen man's fist had touched his jaw sharply. For a moment the room seemed to spin round. Then he regained his self-control, to find the girl standing before him.

"You!" she exclaimed. "It is always you who come when I need help."

She was almost in his arms. He was conscious of a sudden wild beating of the pulses, a sense of excitement such as he had not known for many years. He held her hands, but he kept her from coming nearer. He might do that, but he could not help the things which flashed from her eyes into his and found, perhaps, some answer.

"Don't you hear them all coming?" he said. "I heard you call out just in time. My room is opposite."

The room was full of people, an excited waiter, a valet, some one from the office below. Dykes, whom they had forgotten, staggered suddenly to his feet, and for a moment was master of the situation. He stood with his back to the wall, and something small and shining flashed in his hand.

"Which shall it be, Mannister, you or the girl?" he cried out. "You hound!"

Mannister swung the girl behind him, and the valet, with a presence of mind rather remarkable, leaned over and snapped down the electric-light switch. The room was plunged in sudden darkness. Mannister stole toward the door with his arms round the girl. They could hear nothing but Dykes's hoarse breathing. Then suddenly came the sound for which they waited with nerves strung almost to the breaking-point. In the small room the report of the revolver shot sounded almost like a cannon. Mannister, who had found the door, swung the girl out into the corridor. The other three men were already there. They turned on the lights and peered into the room. Dykes lay there, a crumpled mass, the revolver still locked in his hand.

"The man has shot himself," Mannister said calmly. "Quite the best thing he could do. This is your aunt here, is it not, Miss Dunster? You had better go to her."

"You must come, too," she begged. "I want her to know you."

"To-morrow," he interrupted, a little sadly. "You must let me go now. I must talk to all these people."

For the next hour or so Mannister was busy answering innumerable questions, and receiving congratulations on his escape. It was one o'clock before he was able to go to his room. Before he undressed he took once more that sheet of writing-paper from his pocketbook, and drew a line through the name of John Dykes.

The sixth "*Long Arm of Mannister*" story will appear in the next issue.





# THE COURTSHIP OF JANOSHEFSKY



By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

**I**F I were to attempt a description of Leibovitz it would read, I am afraid, very much like a description of Uriah Heep. Indeed, the likeness, you would find, extended all the way from their characters to their red-rimmed eyes. Beware of a man whose eyes are not clear! Janoshefsky, the banker, should really have known better. The fact remains, however, that he did not know better. He took Leibovitz into his employ, entrusted him with all the secrets of his business, and relied upon him implicitly.

To complete the resemblance of Uriah, Janoshefsky had a daughter who was fair to gaze upon, and Leibovitz spent a great deal of his time in gazing upon her. And there is no telling what might have happened had it not been for the promissory note, the *schatchen*, and the Widow Shifrin. And the way it all came about was this:

Shifrin, before he was gathered into the bosom of the prophet, had been engaged in the same business as Janoshefsky, only his bank was bigger and his business greater than Janoshefsky's. Their rivalry had been keen, and even after Shifrin's demise, when his widow and her twenty-year-old son Abraham continued to carry on the banking business of the late departed, the Wechselbank Shifrin continued to be a thorn in Janoshefsky's side. Outwardly the heads

of the two establishments were upon apparently good terms. Janoshefsky had called upon the widow and consoled with her upon her loss, and Abey Shifrin, once or twice, had called upon the Janoshefskys to spend a social evening. But there their camaraderie ended, and nothing would have given Janoshefsky greater joy in this world than to have read in the "*Yiddish Gazette*" that his rival had failed—of which, however, there was little danger. Janoshefsky's feelings might have been content with this desire and nothing might ever have happened had it not been for the fact that the Wechselbank Shifrin held a promissory note of Janoshefsky's—at six per cent.—that was soon to come due and, as is invariably the way with promissory notes, at a devilishly inconvenient time. The note had passed between the two establishments in the course of an ordinary business transaction by which both had profited. To have extended the time of payment would have entailed a loss to the Widow Shifrin, besides which, from motives of pride, Janoshefsky dreaded to let her know that so small a sum would actually embarrass the Wechselbank Janoshefsky.

"To raise der money—dot iss der question!" Janoshefsky said over and over again to his chief clerk, Leibovitz.

"Ven der money cannot be raised," Leibovitz invariably replied, "it cannot be raised. If you so anxious are to raise some-ting dere iss always my sellery. It hass not raised been for a long time."



To which Janoshefsky always replied "Bah!" and looked out of the window, while Leibovitz, with immobile countenance, went on with his work.

Then came hope, one day, in rosy guise. It came in the form of Binger, the schatchen (marriage-broker), who whispered long and insidiously into Janoshefsky's ear. When he had gone Janoshefsky, as was his custom, confided in his chief clerk.

"Do you t'ink," said Janoshefsky loftily, "dot I would marry any vooman for a note vot iss due?"

"Sure you would!" came Leibovitz's prompt reply. Janoshefsky would not deign to heed his clerk's contemptuous remark. Leibovitz, who had resumed his work, scribbled away conscientiously for a long time and then, suddenly, his pen halted, his lips parted, and he sat silently gazing



"DOT BINGER SAYS DER VIDOW SHIFRIN ISS IN HIS HANDS UNT VANTS TO GET MARRIED"

"It really iss a good idea," began Janoshefsky, fondly stroking his luxuriant beard. "Vot iss a good idea? To raise my sellery?" questioned Leibovitz.

"Bah! Don't be foolish. But dot Binger says der Vidow Shifrin iss in his hands unt vants to get married. Unt I haf been t'inking a long time maybe I get married vunce again. H'm! It iss not a bad idea. She iss really a fine vooman."

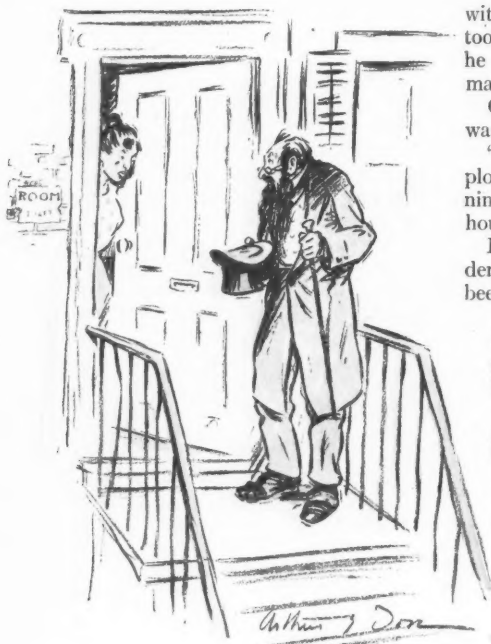
"Yes," assented Leibovitz. "She holds der note."

into vacancy with those red-rimmed eyes of his, and gradually a smile overspread his countenance. An idea had occurred to him.

"Mister Janoshefsky," he said to his employer, "I haf a good idea. Vot iss der use uf gifting money to dot schatchen? I vill go to Missis Shifrin unt tell her vot a fine man you are, unt I can arrange efryt'ing just as good as any schatchen. It vill not cost you a penny. Only if you marry her I get my sellery raised. Iss it?"

Janoshefsky gazed at his clerk in admira-

## The Courtship of Janoshefsky



"SHE HAS WENT OUT. SHE WENT MIT MISTER LEIBOVITZ OUT TO GET MARRIED"

tion. "Vot a smart head you haf got!" he exclaimed. "V'y did I not t'ink uf dot myself? Sure, dot iss der vay to do it. You haf much more interest in der matter dan hass der schatchen, unt, besides, you know der banking business. You can help make a good arrangement to combine der businesses."

And Leibovitz, with an enigmatic smile upon his lips, set forth upon his errand.

At the supper-table, that night, Janoshefsky, with many a hem and haw, finally succeeded in blurring out,

"Eva, vot do you t'ink if I marry vunce again?"

Eva gazed blankly at her father. "Is it a joke?" she asked.

Janoshefsky felt nettled. "V'y should it be a joke? Am I too old to get married?"

"Sure you are!" replied Eva promptly. "Besides, no woman could be as nice as mama was. And when I get married you can live with us. And I don't want a step-mother. And it's too foolish, anyway."

An array of reasons that left Janoshefsky

without an argument in reply. So he betook himself to his favorite café, where he drank a great deal of coffee and built many castles in the air.

On the following morning Leibovitz was late at the bank.

"Nine o'clock iss der hour," his employer said sternly. "It iss now half-past nine. I haf a good mind to take half an hour out uf your sellery."

Leibovitz turned up his nose. "Dot's der way you talk, iss it, ven a man hass been making luf for you!"

Janoshefsky nearly fell off his chair in his haste to approach his clerk. "So soon? You haf already done it? Nu! Vot iss?"

"I had a long talk mit her. She says she nefer t'ought about you as a husband. But now she vill begin to t'ink."

She says maybe if I rent a carriage unt take her out on a drive in der bark on Shabbas (Sabbath) she vill listen to vot I haf to say about your goot points."

Janoshefsky rubbed his hands with delight and then slapped his clerk jovially upon the back.

"Dot's der vay to do it! You take her out on a drive unt tell her dot I am a very kind man unt dot I know der banking business from

A to Zed. Tell her vot a fine husband I vould make unt dot I ain'd a bit exdramagant."

But Leibovitz shook his head. "Do you t'ink," said he, "dot I am going to spend my goot money for carriage foolishness ven I make luf for somebody else? Unt maybe get my sellery docked because I am late? Nix!"

Janoshefsky scratched his chin long and reflectively and then sadly shook his head. "Yes, I guess you are right. Vot does it cost, a carriage?"

"About ten dollars."

"Ten dollars? Ten devils! Do you t'ink I am a millionaire? V'y don't you take a t'ree-dollar carriage?"

"Votefer I do, Mr. Janoshefsky, I do in style. Ten dollars for der carriage or no luf-making for der boss. Dot ends it!"

And there remained nothing for Janoshefsky to do but ruefully to extract ten dollars from his safe—an operation that pained him more than the extraction of a tooth would have done. And while Leibovitz and the

Widow Shifrin were driving in the park, Janoshefsky underwent another and more painful ordeal with his daughter Eva.

"For v'y you t'ink it iss such foolishness if I get married again?" he asked.

Eva gazed at him blankly. Then, "Tell me, whom do you want to marry?" she asked.

Her father hesitated. Better, he thought, make sure of the widow than to lay himself open to ridicule in case his suit were spurned. "No one in partic'lar," said he, "but on cheneral principles."

Eva laughed merrily. "If you only marry general principles, papa, it's all right, and I'll dance at the wedding. But I wouldn't like to see any other woman in mama's place. You'd be sorry, too."

"But you talk such foolishness, Eva," he remonstrated. "I ain'd such a old man. Unt if I marry a lady mit lots uf money——"

"There! That'll just about do. If you bring a stepmother into the house for me, I don't care how much money she has, I'll make life a perfect misery for her."

Janoshefsky sighed and went out to his favorite café. He loved his daughter very much and was very much afraid of her, because Eva had an infinite quantity of com-

mon sense and was inclined to be assertive. But Eva, he felt, could not possibly comprehend the dilemma in which he found himself—this, after the third drink—and he would not condescend to explain—one more drink—he would calmly announce that he intended—another one—positively to marry and—one more—he would marry anyone he chose.

"Vell, vot luck?" he asked Leibovitz the next morning. The clerk, by the way, was nearly an hour late.

"Vait!" replied Leibovitz, with an enigmatic smile. "Vait! All you got to do iss to say nodding unt vait!"

"But vot did she say about me? Does she like me?"

Leibovitz took off his coat with great deliberation and lit a cigar ere he replied. "Vell," he said slowly, "she ain'd exag'tly vot you would call crazy about you, but she says she has seen vorse men as you. But gif me time. Gif me time, unt efryt'ing vill be fixed fine. Say, vas dot note made payable to der Wechselbank or to Shifrin hisselt?"

"Ach, Gott! You didn't talk mit her about dot note, did you?"

"Oh, no," replied Leibovitz airily. "I vas only asking for my own personal information."

"Den it iss none of your business," replied his employer.

Leibovitz turned to his books with a curious smile upon his lips—a smile that lingered all that day and all the next and for several days thereafter. Each morning his employer asked him what progress he was making in his vicarious courtship, and Leibovitz reported slow but gradual



"WHAT IS IT, PAPA? WHAT ARE YOU SO EXCITED ABOUT?"



headway. Finally Janoshefsky lost patience.

"Next week der note iss due. I vill go to-night unt haf a talk mit her mineself."

"No! Don't do it," exclaimed Leibovitz in a startled tone. "Efryt'ing would be ruined. She told me she hates a man vot iss in a hurry unt can't take his time."

"I don't care. I go mineself to-night. I marry her or I don't marry her. But I find out right away."

"I t'ought," said Leibovitz slyly, "dot you wouldn't marry a voo-man for a note."

Janoshefsky frowned. "Dot's vare you are wrong. Unt I t'ink you are a fool—unt dot's vare I am right."

Janoshefsky was delighted to find Eva absent when he reached home that afternoon. He wanted to dress himself with unusual care, and wanted no questions asked about it. He selected the most flaring tie he could find. He spent half an hour removing stains from his clothing. He brushed his silk hat with infinite care. And he paid double toll to a bootblack to polish his shoes until they almost reflected his face. Then he called at the Widow Shifrin's house.

"She has went out," the servant informed him.

"Vare?"

"I don't know vare. She went mit Mister Leibovitz out to get married."

A whole solar system exploded in Janoshefsky's brain, and flaming worlds and shooting comets filled his mental universe. "Say it vunce more," he said, clutching the door for support.

"She has went to get married," repeated the servant.

Janoshefsky gathered himself together. "Tell her," he cried, brandishing his fist, "tell her—unt say dot I said it—dot—dot—ah, bah! Vot's der use! Vait till I see Leibovitz. He iss der vun I vill tell it to."

When he reached home Eva was waiting for him. "Oh, papa, what do you think," she began, when, noticing his agitation, she asked him what had happened.

"Bah!" replied her father. "Don't talk to me." He flung his silk hat upon the floor with a crash, tore off his flaming tie and threw it upon the hat.

"What is it, papa? What are you so excited about?"

"Excited? Me? Ha! Ha! I ain'd nefer excited! Only I guess you're right about dot

marriage foolishness. Nefer, nefer, so long as I lif, vill I get married to a voo-man. Excited? Ha! Ha! Go to bed. Don't talk to me!" And thrusting the battered hat upon his head again Janoshefsky rushed out of the house to his café.

It was a gloomy, unhappy Janoshefsky that appeared at the bank the next morning and inquired if his chief clerk had arrived.

"No, he iss not came," said the office-boy, "but here iss a note he sent around."

"Dear Sir"—so ran the note—"I have the honor to inform you that the lady who used to be Mrs. Shifrin is now Mrs. Leibovitz. If you want to send us a wedding-present, don't be stingy. I will have the honor of calling on you about a matter of business on the twenty-first inst."

The twenty-first! That was the day when the note would become due. Janoshefsky sighed. Throughout the previous evening he had hurled every anathema and imprecation that he could think of upon his faithless clerk. But now his heart was too heavy for violence of speech. He set about making his arrangements to meet the note when it became due and, although the strain was great, succeeded in raising the money. And then the twenty-first came with Janoshefsky pale and worried but ready, yet all that morning Leibovitz failed to appear.

"He knows vot a hole I am in ven I pay him diss money," thought Janoshefsky, "unt he iss just playing mit me as long as he can."

And the hours dragged along—still without Leibovitz—until it came perilously near to closing time. There came a tap upon the door of his private office—Janoshefsky's heart sank when he heard it—and Abey Shifrin entered jauntily. Janoshefsky glared at him.

"V'y didn't he come hisself? Hey? Iss he afraid? V'y did he sent you?"

"Why didn't who come?" asked Abey in surprise.

"You know right vell who I mean. Dot Mister Leibovitz iss who I mean, if you don't know. V'y didn't he bring der note?"

"What note? I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Janoshefsky."

"Dot note vot iss due to-day. Leibovitz knows all about it. V'y didn't he bring it?"

Abey shook his head. "If it is a matter between you and Mr. Leibovitz, I don't know anything about it. If it has anything

to do with our bank Mr. Leibovitz doesn't know anything about it. I'm running the bank, you know."

"But Leibovitz——"

"Hasn't a thing to do with the bank. Neither has my mother. All belongs to me. Mother was just a trustee until last month. Didn't you know it?"

Janoshefsky shook his head. "But you haf a note of mine vot iss due. Don't you know it?"

"Oh, that note! Yes, I remember something about it. I think I laid it aside because—because—well, you see, Mr. Janoshefsky, I came to see you on an important matter. Do you think—er—would you mind—well, Eva and I are going to get married."

During the moment that followed Janoshefsky was practically unconscious. He sat looking steadily at the young man but without a single thought in his head. Then, slowly, as if he were returning from a great distance, he came back to earth. And everything seemed so cheerful and rosy in life. And Abey Shifrin was the hand-

somest and most charming man he had ever seen. He embraced him.

"It iss der dream uf my life! I am so happy!"

"We have arranged to get married next week," explained Abey cheerfully.

"Does Leibovitz know it?" asked Janoshefsky.

"Surely not! It doesn't concern him in the least. I told my mother I wouldn't even have him in the bank. He may be my stepfather, but business is business."

"Sure," said Janoshefsky, with a chuckle, "business is business. But go right straight home now unt tell your mama unt tell Leibovitz, unt den you must all come over to-night unt haf dinner by us."

Janoshefsky sat alone in his office, chuckling again and again, until Abey had had time to reach his home. Then he called Leibovitz on the telephone.

"Iss dot you, Leibovitz?" he asked.

"Yes. Who iss diss?"

"It's me! Janoshefsky. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Then he hung up the receiver and went to his favorite café.





# Why Plays Fail

IT IS NOT ALWAYS THE PLAYWRIGHT'S FAULT. SOME EXCELLENT REASONS WHICH ACCOUNT FOR THE NUMEROUS DRAMATIC WRECKS THAT HAVE STREWN THE COUNTRY THIS SEASON

By Alan Dale

THE percentage of plays that have failed this season has been so abnormally, so extraordinarily high, the failures have been so instantaneous and apparently so inevitable, and the chances of an opposite result have seemed so infinitesimally small, that the question, "Why do plays fail?" which often sounds like a ludicrous riddle, becomes a significant and engrossing problem.

"Why do plays fail?" If you say it quickly it has a somewhat foolish import, and if you were to ask the average manager, he would wittily reply: "Old chap, if I knew I would tell you. If you know and will tell me, you can consider that your fortune is made." Regarded flippantly, the query can of course be dismissed immediately. But we will try not to be flippant. In the case of an occasional failure it is not necessary to propound knotty problems. In the case of a whole galaxy of absolutely ridiculous and unnecessary failures, we will ask questions. We will be rubbernecks.

It is a sweeping assertion to make, but I unhesitatingly insist that seventy-five per cent. of the plays that fail need not fail. They do fail, and for deplorable reasons. The failure of some of them leads one to ask why, in the name of the powers that be, the criticism of certain theatrical menials is not requested before production. Why do not the scrub-woman, the bill-sticker, the paste-brewer, the janitor (I do not mean the janitor-manager, but the genuine janitor), the carpenter, the gas-man, and the property "gent" watch the rehearsals, and tell the bland producer that he hasn't a

chance? Who saw "Artie" and "The Struggle Everlasting" and "The Spell" at rehearsal that didn't know the inevitable doom of those affairs? Why suppose that the paying public is more inane than an assemblage of theatrical menials?

Yet some of the plays that have failed so abjectly this season might at least have lived a respectable and lingering life if it had not been for conditions that exist. When these conditions do not exist, average plays will succeed in an average way. While these conditions hold, plays that possess certain merits fail as ignominiously as the rest. Two plays that failed this season, and failed quickly, did not deserve to fail at all. They were "The Movers," by Martha Morton Conheim, and "The Evangelist," by Henry Arthur Jones. Both of these plays had emphatic merit. They were swept away as quickly as "Artie," "The Stepsister" and "The Struggle Everlasting."

Why do plays fail?

There are various reasons, and I will mention a few:

The ignorance and comparative illiteracy of managers who produce plays in the feeble hope that some particular incident may "hit" the public fancy, but who have no fixed policy, and are interested exclusively in the "drawing power" of the production.

The delusion that the name of the author counts; that because a man has done a good thing in the past, he will continue to do so in the future. This is the greatest myth of all. It accounts for a large percentage of all failures; it kills competition; it sends to

eternal oblivion the artist of merit who has not yet made his name.

The follow-the-leader policy. Managers are like sheep, running in one direction. Let a colleague make a hit with a Biblical play, and there will be a dozen. Establish a precedent for sex dramas, and the season will reek with them. Each manager has his eye on his fellow. The object is to gage the public pulse. The pulse of the public beats in all directions at all times. The manager believes it throbs in a different place every season.

Tailor-made "stars," who want something that fits them and care about nothing else. These stars are not good enough actors to assume rôles in plays that have been written regardless of their peculiarities. They have just missed being good actors. Therefore they become stars, and particular brands of potted play have to be put up to suit them.

The fact that most of our managers are clever financiers and nothing else. Plays are investments, like pig-iron, copper, and grain. The fact that they are plays is a mere incident. They might be anything else. They are not quoted in the brokers' offices; their merits are not ticked out in Wall Street; they are unlisted. They are just as surely speculative commodities, and the manager who doesn't know the difference between Theodore Kremer and Sophocles is often the manager who makes the most money.

Slovenly stage-management, and an average of two good actors in a cast of twelve. Small parts are played by promoted "supers," and the value of an *ensemble* is not considered. This is, in part, due to the tailor-made star, who quite excusably cannot brook a comparison with any real actors. He wants somebody to play down, not up, to him.

Managers produce plays season after season with many successes and more failures. Three-quarters of the failures are, as I have said, absolutely unnecessary. Careful and unremitting attention, thought, and artistic endeavor would bring a mediocre play into the range of moderate success. Of course there are some plays—the remaining quarter—that fail because they are preposterous, ill written, lacking an idea, unsympathetic. These are the plays that should enlist the critical services of the scrub-woman, the gas-

man, the paste-brewer, and the carpenter.

To prove the truth of my statements, I am going to take the case of Mr. David Belasco. I do not say he is the only artistic manager we have. I believe in the extreme intelligence and praiseworthy zeal of Mr. Daniel Frohman. I am quite certain that Mr. Charles Frohman is a very admirable critic, and that if he produced one play a year, it would be a mighty good play. But Mr. Belasco illustrates my point most pungently.

In his entire career, which I have closely followed, I can recall but one rapid-transit failure—and that was a good many years ago, when he was not a manager. Since those days his string of successes has been immeasurable. People say that he is lucky, and talk a good deal of rubbish. Luck does not account for a fraction of one per cent. of his successes. As a matter of fact there is no such thing. His successes, to the average manager, seem extraordinary. To the initiated there is nothing extraordinary about them at all. The general public go to see a Belasco production, positive that they will get something for their pains. They may not see a great play, but they will see something that hits them.

We will take three Belasco successes that, in the jargon of the box-office, have made a mint of money. We will take "The Music Master," "The Rose of the Rancho," and "A Grand Army Man." These three plays are not great. Looked at purely as plays they have much that is conventional, little that is new, and a good deal that is theatrical. Produced by the average manager, these plays would have had but the ghost of a chance. The most delightful of them all—one that I can never forget, "A Grand Army Man,"—might have lived a week or two. Pitchforked on, in the usual way, we should have viewed them coldly, and deplored the lack of any new sensation. We are credited with a craving for new sensations. The disappointed playwrights who are projected to the footlights by financiers, love to say that New Yorkers are spoiled children crying for the moon, and indignant because they can't get it.

The success of the Belasco plays simply gives that the lie in a most emphatic manner. These plays, dealing with homely, oft-used themes, charm by the marvelous simplicity of their presentation. This simplicity is not simple. It is so terribly

complex that nothing but sublime art with a touch of genius can cope with it. It is this simplicity that Belasco stars. It is the result of the most strenuous work, the most merciless and cruel of rehearsals, and a certain instinctive knowledge of human nature.

This knowledge of human nature is of course something that no manager can acquire. But why be a manager if it is lacking? Why not be a plumber?

Mr. Belasco's simplicity gets beneath the skin of his audiences. There is a curious intimacy in these simple—or apparently simple—dramatic offerings. There is a sense of warmth and reality. There is a lack of staginess and declamatory noise. Each part in the play is well acted, and not the smallest is slighted. There is an almost unlimited attention to detail. Points that few people, even educated people, would notice are harped upon with insistence. There is almost uncanny belief in the subtle mental influence of lighting, and that this influence is keen, far-reaching and irresistible nobody can possibly deny. You never get the crude, cold effects that are deemed good enough for a lot of jays by the average manager.

Mr. Belasco has an inordinately high opinion of the intelligence of his audiences. Nothing is too good, and no pains are too great. When you consider the make-up of an average audience (and if you have never considered it, please do), you will wonder why Belasco finds it necessary to get the pettiest detail absolutely accurate. But he probably reasons that while many people may not know exactly why certain incidents appeal to them with such a poignant suggestion, the appeal will be there just the same. Many people do not know why plays like "The Music Master," "The Rose of the Rancho," and "A Grand Army Man" delight them far more than more brilliant and more dramatic offerings could ever do. It is this very unreasoning joy that Belasco instills which is his greatest charm.

To revel in a play, and not be able to explain by a diagram why you revel—that is the real condition for a manager to induce. I shed briny tears at "A Grand Army Man"—because an old chap discovered that the boy of his heart was a criminal—and the

pathos and tragedy of infinitely bigger plays have left me callous and dry-eyed. Of course, being one of those wretched creatures who are obliged to analyze their emotions, I know exactly why I wept. But the ordinary theatergoer similarly affected doesn't bother about reasons. He knows that he is affected, and that is enough for him.

Yet what does Belasco do that a manager shouldn't do? Why shouldn't every responsible person who asks us to dole out two dollars to see puppets flying through the mazes of fiction be in a position to guarantee us enjoyment? They certainly would be if it were not for the reasons that I have tried to enumerate.

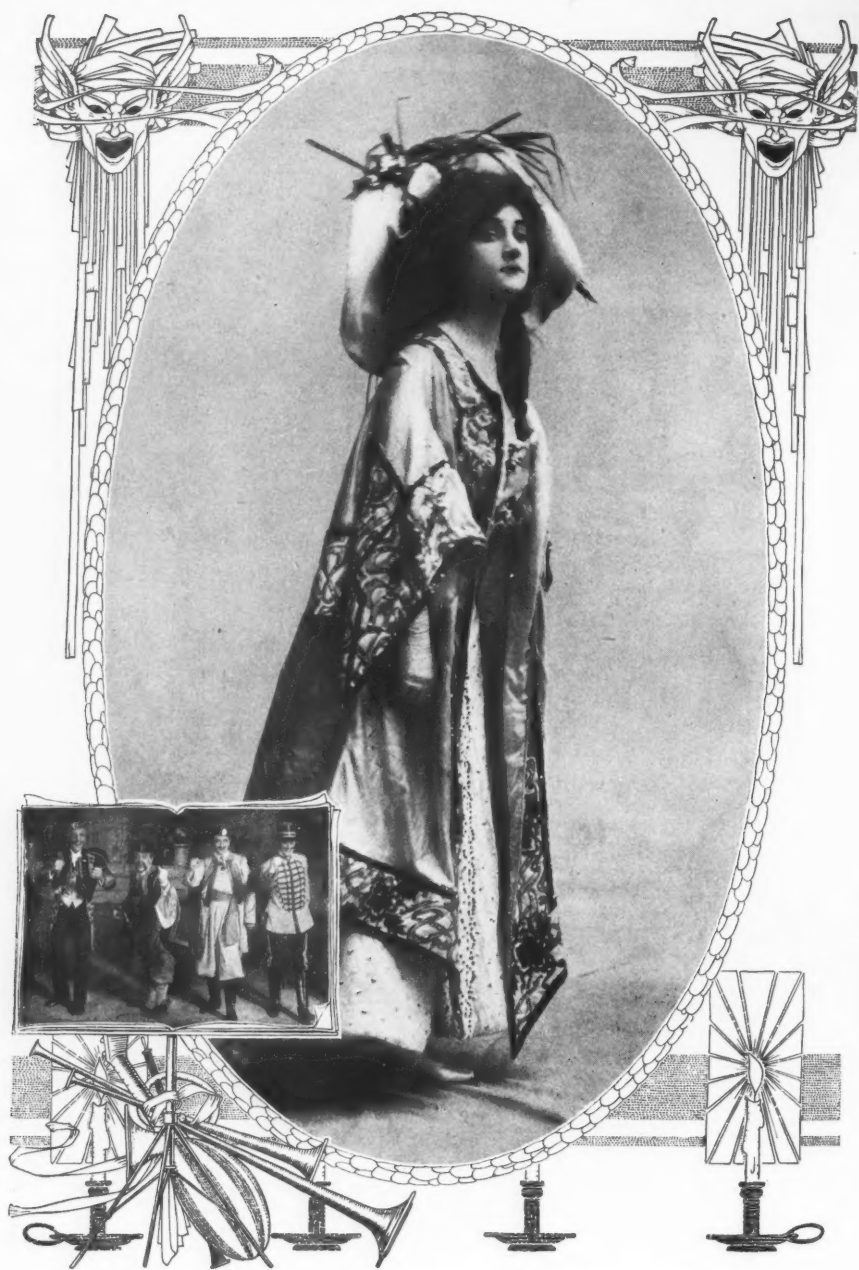
Honestly, I believe that if Belasco had been set at "Artie"—the most ruthless of all the season's failures—he could have put a little red blood into its flabby veins. I believe that he could have made "The Stepsister" endurable for a few months' run. He could have taken "The Struggle Everlasting" and at least given us some inkling of what it meant. As for those two perfectly redeemable plays, "The Movers" and "The Evangelist," they couldn't possibly have failed with a Belasco touch. The latter went to perdition because a perfectly impossible woman was permitted to play the leading part. The former seemed to suffer from an irresponsible stage-management that wasn't quite sure what part of the play needed emphasis and illumination.

Plays will always fail, but they need never fail as savagely as they have done this season. Some that are unsympathetic, that take an unpopular stand on a popular question, some that are badly worked out and suffer from a lame conclusion, are honest and necessary failures. There should be none but honest and necessary failures. We see dishonest and unnecessary ones. Belasco could not have saved "Sappho and Phaon," which was a cold poem with an unlovely star as its central figure, simply because the public didn't want that sort of thing. This play had a reverent stage-management. The failure of certain plays one must accept simply because.

The reason so many plays fail is as clear as a pikestaff.



ETHEL JACKSON AS SONIA, THE MERRY WIDOW, IN THE THIRD ACT—THE  
SCENE IN MAXIM'S



"THE MERRY WIDOW"—JEAN WARD AS CLO-CLO, AND SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT





"THE MERRY WIDOW"—FRANCES CAMERON AS OLGA, AND THE SUPPER SCENE IN MAXIM'S



"THE MERRY WIDOW"—CREOLE CREAGH, ONE OF THE MAXIM GIRLS



"THE MERRY WIDOW"—SOPHIE WITTE AS JOU JOU IN THE SCENE IN MAXIM'S, LAST ACT



"THE MERRY WIDOW"—PAULINE MARSHALL AS FI-FI, THE DANCER, AND SCENE  
FROM THE FIRST ACT



"THE MERRY WIDOW"—AURORA PIATT AS DO-DO, AND THE GARDEN SCENE  
FROM THE SECOND ACT





JOHN PETERS CAME TO A STANDSTILL IN FRONT OF THE BREACH,  
AND HIS SWORD FLASHED FROM ITS SCABBARD

(*"The Kingdom of Earth"*)

# The Kingdom of Earth

By Anthony Partridge

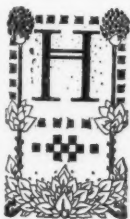
Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

**SYNOPSIS:** John Valentine, Duke of Sayon, is nephew and heir of the old and dissolute King of Bergeland. Chafing under the restraints of his position as crown prince, he takes the name of John Peters and spends much of his time incognito in the various countries of Europe, living the free life of a private citizen and studying the people, in whom he is intensely interested. This man is apparently the victim of a strange misapprehension. Peters is known to all with whom he comes in contact as a man of upright character, unimpeachable morals, and a thoughtful student with a deep and considerate love for humanity, yet for some mysterious reason every capital in Europe is filled with tales of the dissolute folly and excesses of the Crown Prince of Bergeland. At St. Moritz, Peters meets Grace Pellisier, a beautiful and talented American girl, with whom he is much impressed.

The acquaintance is renewed some time later in London where Miss Pellisier, who has gone on the stage, is filling an engagement. Grace discovers the identity of her friend and is quite unable to reconcile her knowledge of him with the reports of his character. The girl belongs to a society composed of people of good social position who, nevertheless, hold radical political views. These people plot to assassinate the crown prince in the interests of progress, and Grace quite unwittingly delivers her friend into the hands of the conspirators. The plot miscarries, and the crown prince faces his would-be assassins in a remarkably frank interview. They come to terms, and the prince secures six months' immunity from any attempt upon his life. He returns to Varia, the capital of Bergeland, and tells his story to the king and to Bernhardt, the chief of police. Both become very uneasy. The king wants him to marry at once; the official is fearful of the growing strength of the Republican party in the kingdom.

The head and front of this party is a person whose identity is unknown even to his closest political associates. He is called the "First Watcher," and his anonymity lends weight to his careful counsels. Bernhardt strains every resource to arrest him, but fails. The Watcher keeps in touch with many radical societies throughout Europe, among them the one to which Grace Pellisier belongs. The girl is about to visit Varia, and is entrusted with messages to the secret head of the revolutionists. Having arrived in the city, she is expecting a visit from the Watcher.

## XVI



HER visitor had come, then—punctual to the second. Grace looked up from her book with beating heart.

"Come in!" she said.

A tall figure, wrapped in a long military cloak, entered. Grace rose to her feet. The room was a small one, and his first step had

brought them within a few feet of each other. Whatever greeting may have been on her lips died away. For his part, he made no attempt at speech. If he felt any surprise at all, he concealed it marvelously. Grace, on the other hand, was taken too utterly by surprise to conceal her emotion. She stared at him with wide-open, terrified eyes. "You!" she faltered incredulously. "I don't understand."

He laid his hat upon the table. "You must remember," he said, "that I am at home here, and that Varia is, after all, a small town compared with London. Strangers come here, and it is soon known, especially just now when the city is disturbed. Are you surprised that I should come to bid you welcome?"

Her hand touched her forehead. Her perplexity was almost pitiful. "I was not expecting you," she murmured.

"Naturally," he answered, "and you were expecting some one else. I gathered that when I made inquiries below. Nevertheless, I hope I shall not be in the way for a few minutes. I shall go directly the more privileged person arrives."

"I had an appointment at three o'clock," she said uneasily. "I think that the person who is coming will expect to find me alone."

"Then ring the bell and tell the waiter that he is to be shown into another room for

a moment, while I escape," John Peters said. "I am here, and I am going to claim a few minutes of your time."

She did as she was told. There was a masterful ring in the man's tone, from which it was hard to escape. Then he came up to her and before she could stop him took her hands firmly in his own.

"Listen," he said, "you have walked into the lion's den. This is my own city, which has no laws for me—a tyrant and a libertine, according to that charming little republican journal which I saw upon your table. You are in my power, you see, and you must obey my orders."

She smiled very faintly. She did not look in the least terrified. "Well, we shall see," she answered.

"Sit down in that chair," he said, "and tell me the meaning of that ridiculous scene in your room in London."

She covered her face with her hands. He leaned over and drew them away.

"I have not come here to reproach you," he said quietly. "I can quite understand a great many people's having a perfectly justifiable desire to see me dead. But you—how came you among them?"

"I cannot answer that question," she said. "You must know that I cannot."

He nodded. "Loyalty to friends, and all that sort of thing, I suppose," he remarked. "I shouldn't wonder even if you belonged to some secret society pledged to exterminate the tyrants of the earth with bowstring, poison, or bombs. In that case I couldn't, of course, expect you to tell me anything about it."

"Don't jest," she begged, with a little catch in her throat.

"I cannot help it," he answered. "There is something about a secret society which always appeals to my sense of humor. They do seem hopelessly out of date, don't they? We don't need them in Bergeland, you will be pleased to hear. The Republicans are allowed to talk all the treason they like in Parliament. They are proposing, I believe, to give my uncle a week's notice when they meet again."

"Will he go?" she asked anxiously.

"I think not," John Peters answered. "You see, he is an obstinate old man, and there is the army."

"I wish," she said, "that you would both go, and leave the country to those who are more fit to govern it."

He laughed quietly. It was always rather a pleasant sight to see John Peters laugh. The deep lines seemed smoothed out of his face, the hard mouth was relaxed, he seemed years younger. "Well," he said, "I cannot answer for my uncle, but, on certain conditions, I will go myself—presently."

"What are they?" she asked eagerly.

Again she felt her hands clasped.

"That you go with me, wherever it may be."

She snatched her hands away and rose to her feet. "I think," she said, pointing to the door, "that you had better go."

He too rose and stood by her side, masterful, intense. Her eyes flashed scorn upon him, but her heart grew weak, and she felt her strength melting away. There were none of the things in his face which she had feared to see. It was a man's countenance. It seemed honest. Her brain ran riot with horrible memories of the stories she had heard. It was he—the hero of a thousand scandals—who was daring to make love to her!

"No," he said, "I don't think that I will—just yet. Grace," he added, in a lower tone, "I could never ask you to be Princess of Bergeland, but if you would be—Mrs. John Peters!"

"Do I understand," she asked, "that you want me to marry you?"

"Certainly," he answered, "in which case I should remain—Mr. John Peters."

"Do you remember," she asked, "the last time we met?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I am not likely to forget it. You had other callers, and I rather thought there was going to be a row."

"I said the last time," she repeated. "I mean a week, no, ten days, ago."

He raised his eyebrows. "Pardon me," he said, "but I do not understand."

A shade of anger stole into her face. "You are not blessed with a good memory," she remarked. "Perhaps you do not remember meeting me on my way from the theater, and coming up to my rooms?"

"When did you say this was?" he asked quietly.

She thought for a moment. "A week last Saturday," she answered. "You wore a heavy fur coat, and you were not looking quite so well as you are now."

John Peters was looking very serious

indeed. "I met you on the way from the theater? I went up to your rooms?" he repeated slowly.

"Exactly. And you did not ask me to marry you!"

"I don't think," he said slowly, "that I was quite myself that afternoon."

"I came to the same conclusion," she admitted.

He smiled at her suddenly. "Dear Grace," he said softly, "don't visit upon me anything that wretched fellow said or did. I am one of those unfortunate persons who are cursed with a dual personality. Be kind to me, and I promise that you shall never see anything of that other one."

She held out her hands to keep him away. "Oh! it is all so impossible," she declared, "so utterly impossible. Besides—"

"Besides what?" he asked.

"You don't really mean it," she faltered.

He took her in his arms—her resistance was very faint indeed. "Dear Grace," he whispered, "give me a chance to prove that I do mean it. Go back to England tomorrow. Don't stay here. Things are going to happen, and you are better out of the way. I will come to you before long. I swear it. And when I once leave Bergeland, I shall never return, never; that is to say, unless I do so as Mr. John Peters."

"Oh! I wish I could," she murmured helplessly.

He released her for a moment and looked into her face. A scarlet flush had stolen into her cheeks, there were tears in her eyes. She was distractingly beautiful.

"I quite forgot," he said smiling. "You are a conspirator yourself, aren't you? Perhaps that is why you are here."

"Don't!" she begged.

"Take my advice, little woman," he said seriously, "and run away home. I will let you into a state secret. The revolutionists in this country are too strong to need any help. They have got us in the hollow of their hand. If my old fool of an uncle insists upon using the military, we shall be swept out of the country for all time before a month is gone by."

"And you?" she asked.

"I shall take care that I am swept toward London," he answered, smiling.

She looked up at him half tearfully. "I do wish that I could understand you," she said. "You spoke to me just now of a dual

personality. I am quite sure that there are two of you. There is the Mr. Peters whom I met at St. Moritz, at the Savoy, and now; and there is the man who almost insulted me the other day, the man whose name is a byword for dissipation in every city of Europe."

John Peters nodded. "We are rather a bad lot, I am afraid," he admitted, "but, Grace dear, I promise you this: be a brave little woman, trust me, and you shall never see anything of the wrong John Peters. He shall perish with the kingdom of Bergeland. John Peters, the commoner, shall make you the best husband woman ever had."

"You dear!" she murmured softly, "and yet it's all so ridiculous, you know. I'm waiting at the present moment for your greatest enemy."

John Peters smiled. "Now I wonder who that might be," he said. "I should suggest myself."

She shook her head.

"I know," he continued; "you are waiting for the First Watcher."

The color fled from her cheeks. John Peters looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"Why should I," he said softly, "not wait with you? They tell us that we have only to lay hands upon him and the revolution collapses."

"You can do that if you will," she said simply, "but in that case I can never return to England."

"Fortunately," he remarked, turning away from the window, "I am not at all sure that I want the revolution to collapse. If only I can keep my old idiot of an uncle out of trouble!"

"He deserves anything that could happen to him," she said severely. "He is a very wicked old man, quite unfit to rule over any country of free men and women."

"I entirely agree with you," John Peters said, "but what about myself?"

"I don't believe half what people say," she declared, "and you're going to be better now, anyway."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "It's a promise," he said. "When will you come out with me and see the sights?"

"Do you think it would be wise?" she asked.

He laughed. "Wise or not, you are coming," he said. "I shall call for you at

half-past ten to-morrow morning. If I meet our friend on the stairs, I'll hurry him up."

She shuddered, and withdrew from his embrace. "If you only knew!" she murmured, as he passed out.

## XVII

THERE was a ball and reception at the palace that night, and notwithstanding the fast approaching political crisis, the rooms were thronged with people. The old king himself received; the crown prince, gorgeous in the full-dress uniform of the Bergian Guards, stood for a time at his right hand. After midnight, however, the pedestal was deserted, and John Peters, followed by some of his suite, strolled through the rooms. With a faint smile of amusement, he noticed the mothers and chaperons gathering in their flocks with anxious care as he passed. He turned with a smile to one of his followers.

"My dear Albert," he said, "after all, it is you who are the fortunate one. Not one of these old ladies but would smile graciously if you asked her daughter to dance. A similar request from me, and she would go into hysterics."

The man addressed curled his mustache and brought his spurs together, as he bowed to a passing couple. "Perhaps so, your highness," he answered, "but it is a great reputation, yours. Do you notice how all the young married women watch you, out of the corners of their eyes?"

"I do not find that amusing," John Peters declared, "for I have only to ask one of them to dance, and I make an enemy for life of her husband."

"Still," the young man declared covetously, "it is a glorious reputation."

John Peters smiled a little queerly. He found much in life to amuse him. "Come," he said, "one must get a little fun to atone for all that one misses. I shall ask the daughter of the Baroness de Holdt to dance. Stand here and watch, my young friend."

John Peters stopped before a corpulent lady in black velvet and all ablaze with diamonds. She rose at once, but he held out a protesting hand.

"Do not disturb yourself, I beg, dear baroness," he said. "I am glad to see you here. Permit me to congratulate you upon the appearance of your daughter. She is quite charming."

The baroness received the compliment with obvious disquietude. The child by her side, a slim, fair-haired little thing dressed in white, lifted her large eyes adoringly to the crown prince, and dropped them with a vivid blush.

"The young men are scarce to-night, I am sure," John Peters said, "or I should find them here. Permit me, mademoiselle, the pleasure of a turn."

The child rose with shy pleasure. The young captain, who was standing by, watched with delight the almost frantic despair of the baroness.

"It is a great honor, your highness, but my daughter is not well—she does not dance yet."

John Peters was suddenly deaf. He passed out of the room with the child clinging to his arm in shy pleasure, and entered the dancing-salon, where everyone made way. Twice, three times, they went round, John Peters looking down with a smile of amusement into the flushed, happy face of the girl, who was thoroughly enjoying this, the proudest moment of her life. Then, as the dance finished, John Peters calmly led his partner out by the door opposite the one at which the baroness was making frantic efforts to attract her daughter's attention.

"I think," she said hesitatingly, "that my mother wants me."

"No doubt," he answered coolly, "but your mother can have you for the rest of your life. The next five minutes belong to me."

He led her to a quiet corner. The other loiterers melted respectfully away. The child's heart began to beat fast. She was alone with this terribly wicked, wonderfully handsome man. What delightful excitement! Would he kiss her, she wondered. She lifted her eyes to his and hoped so desperately.

"Is this your first dance, child?" he asked.

His tone was kind, but there were not the things in it which she had expected.

"My second," she answered shyly. "I came to the last one, but I like this much better."

He laughed at her genially. "I hope," he said, "that you will come to many more."

"And dance with your highness again?" she asked, looking up at him.

His face was suddenly serious. "Ah! little girl, that I cannot say," he answered.



"Only I hope that very soon you will find some one to dance with you who will make you a good husband, as you will make him a good wife. A great chapter of the history of this country will be lived during the next few months," he added, turning toward her with a grave smile, "and much of her future greatness will depend upon her young men and young women. You girls especially can do so much. Always remember that the life of a country is as the life of her citizens. Will you try what you can do?"

"I will try," she promised, looking at him with shining eyes.

"You are such a child," he said, smiling at her, "and you have the right to amuse yourself. Only remember that, underneath, life has graver purposes. Our country needs her sons and daughters to remember this just now. Here comes your mother, looking somewhat disturbed."

The baroness, considerably flustered, approached them nervously, defying etiquette in her great anxiety. John Peters rose from his place.

"I resign your daughter, madame," he said, with twinkling eyes, "to your anxious care. Mademoiselle, I thank you for your dance, and for the pleasure of your conversation."

He left them with a low bow. The baroness looked into her daughter's shining eyes and trembled.

"Sophie," she exclaimed, "did he—did he try to make love to you?"

"I don't think you would call it that," the child answered, with a demure smile.

"He didn't even try to kiss you?"

She shook her head. "He didn't show the least desire to," she answered. "I—I wish he had!"

The baroness sank down with relief upon the couch, relief mingled with just displeasure at her daughter's last words. "How dare you say such a thing, Sophie!" she exclaimed. "If you only knew what sort of a man he is!"

The child looked up at her mother and smiled. "That is just what I don't think people do know, mother," she answered. "If anyone ever dares to say anything against him before me, I shall count him my enemy."

John Peters walked on and made his way through the throng, which opened respectfully to let him pass, until he found the man he sought. "Bernhardt," he said, touching

him on the shoulder, "we will drink a glass of wine together."

"Your royal highness is very kind," Bernhardt answered.

They found a corner in the reserved portion of the buffet.

"Tell me," John Peters asked, "did you have any luck this morning?"

Bernhardt shook his head. "No," he answered. "Their cursed spies must be everywhere. A dozen barges were all unloaded a few locks down, and the contents spirited away somewhere."

John Peters sipped his wine. "You don't seem fortunate lately, do you?" he remarked.

Bernhardt opened his lips, but, remembering in whose presence he was, remained silent.

John Peters only smiled. "Swear away, my friend," he said. "If it makes you feel any better, don't mind me. I'm not sure that it isn't I who ought to be doing the swearing, though. The rifles which you have failed to capture are probably destined to empty their bullets at these windows."

"I trust that it will never come to that," Bernhardt answered gloomily.

John Peters laughed. "But you know very well that it will," he remarked, "and so do I. We jest together, you and I, Bernhardt, but we know that the kingdom of Bergeland is doomed."

"Internally," Bernhardt answered, "I do believe that we are in a serious state. But there remains one factor which you and I have never discussed."

"The army," John Peters said quickly.

"No. That!" Bernhardt answered, leaning forward and pointing with a silent gesture through the parted curtains, out into the great hall.

John Peters leaned a little on one side, and followed his companion's finger with anxious eyes. Upon the raised dais the king still sat, and by his side the German ambassador.

"I should prefer," he said softly, "a republic."

Bernhardt shrugged his shoulders. "We should at least rule ourselves," he remarked, "but I am very sure of one thing. If German troops once cross the frontier of Bergeland, they will never leave it."

John Peters rose. "I will go and join in that little conference," he said. "I have no fancy for Prince de Suess."

## XVIII

THE king welcomed his nephew with unusual cordiality. His long lean face was a little flushed, and his eyes were unnaturally bright. "The prince and I, John," he said, "have been having a most interesting conversation. Come and join us."

John Peters exchanged cold greetings with the man whom he cordially disliked, and sank down upon the couch.

"His majesty," the prince said, turning to John Peters, "like all of us, is somewhat disturbed over the recent elections and the great Republican gains throughout the country. I took the liberty of reminding him that we in Germany were once placed in a somewhat similar position. We had for one session a parliament which practically contained a revolutionist majority. It was no use making a fuss. We simply sat tight, and the emperor vetoed every measure which he felt was inimical to the interests of the country. A crisis arose, there was a dissolution and a fresh election. It was at a time when we were on indifferent terms with a great power, and the nation did not hesitate. There was a clean sweep of the revolutionists. To-day in our country they are scarcely a power to be reckoned with."

"That is all very well, my dear prince," John Peters said, "but you must remember that your emperor held the winning card all the time. The army was his, and against it the people were powerless."

"It is the same with us," the king declared. "The army is loyal. Grobener has staked his honor upon it."

"Even if Grobener is not too sanguine," John Peters said, "what is our army? Seven to ten thousand men against half a million. Besides, we don't want to see our streets and squares run red with the blood of our own people. The German army was too mighty a force ever to be resisted. If it came to a crisis the people would certainly go for ours."

"I think, my dear sir," the ambassador said suavely, "that you exaggerate the Republican spirit in your country. But remember that, in case of need, we could march a hundred thousand men over your frontier with half an hour's notice."

"But would you do it?" the king asked eagerly.

The prince smiled. "Why not? The one thing my master hates is a republic, and he

is not likely to tolerate one as a neighbor. His help would be yours in time of emergency."

"The day a German soldier sets foot on Bergian soil in fighting trim," John Peters declared, "will be the beginning of the end of this country. The nation which employs mercenaries to fight her battles is indeed at her last gasp."

Prince de Sues rose a little stiffly. "The troops of a friendly country, your royal highness," he said, "who would probably be required to do no more than demonstrate, can scarcely be termed mercenaries. However, we will let the matter end here. I trust that the necessity for resuming this conversation may never occur."

The ambassador bowed and took his leave. The king, with a heavy frown upon his thick eyebrows, turned toward his nephew.

"You are a fool, John," he said angrily. "You have sent away angry the man who might have proved our salvation."

John Peters laughed softly as he rose to his feet. "Here comes the doctor to remind you that you are sitting up late," he said. "I want to see Bernhardt again for a moment."

He found Bernhardt where he had left him, and subsided into his old seat. "I want to ask you something, Bernhardt," he said. "When I came back from England a short time ago, do you remember my telling you about a little adventure I had there?"

"Perfectly," Bernhardt answered. "I have been making some most interesting inquiries."

"Find out anything?"

"Yes," Bernhardt answered. "I found out that the police of Vienna and Paris and Berlin were all keen on the scent, besides the Londoners. I could tell you of seven assassinations which are supposed to have been committed under the auspices of our friends. It is a society for the extermination of tyrants. There are three men and one woman member in every country, and the leader of the movement in England is a highly philanthropic tradesman and a member of Parliament. A good many of them are absolutely known, but there isn't a scrap of evidence against anybody. It is curious you should mention this matter just now."

"Why?" John Peters asked.

"Because," Bernhardt answered, "I have

just received an intimation from London that a person connected with this enterprise is in Varia to-day."

John Peters smiled thoughtfully. "Wonderful, this police system," he remarked. "Is it a man or a woman who has come?"

Bernhardt smiled. "Woman," he answered, "tall, dark, handsome. Here under her own name, Grace Pellisier. Staying with her maid at the Hotel Bergman. Was visited this afternoon by—whom do you think?"

"I am fascinated," John Peters declared, "go on."

"By His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Bergeland," Bernhardt said.

John Peters leaned back in his seat. "I am dumfounded," he declared. "Bernhardt, you are marvelous. You have eyes everywhere. I am afraid of you!"

"And I of your sarcasm," Bernhardt answered grimly. "Never mind, your royal highness. Even we blabbing policemen don't tell everything. Some little thoughts we keep at the back of our heads."

John Peters smiled as he rose. "If that means that you do not tell me everything, Bernhardt, I think that you are very unkind," he said. "I shall not stay with you any longer. I shall go and talk with the young lady from England."

He moved away. Bernhardt rose swiftly with a little exclamation. He saw John Peters go through the opening into the great hall, and bow low before an elderly lady of distinguished appearance.

"Dear Madame de Sayers," he said, "I am sure I am not mistaken in your companion. Surely I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Pellisier act in London."

Madame de Sayers turned toward her companion, and would have presented her, but John Peters hastily intervened.

"Let us banish such formalities," he said, smiling. "I think myself that royalty should be presented to the artist, not the artist to royalty. I consider that Miss Pellisier and I are already friends, for I have seen her at the theater. I congratulate you, young lady," he added with a smile, "upon a kingdom more stable than mine, I fear, will ever be."

Grace only bowed. It was Madame de Sayers who replied.

"I trust your highness's words are spoken in jest," she said gravely.

"Always in jest, madame," he answered,

smiling. "Is that not my reputation? Will Miss Pellisier permit me to take her to the supper-room? Albert," he said, turning round to one of his suite, "Madame de Sayers will do you the honor."

They moved off. Grace carried herself erect, with a slight but unusual flush upon her cheeks. She wore a dress of dove-colored silk, which shimmered as she walked, and a string of pearls hung from her neck. There was no woman in the room of more distinguished appearance, and everyone stared at the couple in respectful wonder, as they made way.

"I am terribly afraid of you," Grace declared, as they entered the supper-room. "I have never seen you like this except at a distance. How often ought I to call you 'your royal highness'?"

"Every sentence," he answered, smiling, "but I'll let you call me 'John' instead."

"I am overcome," she murmured.

"Have a try," he suggested encouragingly. "It's quite an easy name."

She shook her head. "If ever I did," she said, "it would have to be when you were not so gorgeous."

He looked down at himself—a blaze of blue and gold, and white with jeweled orders and gilded lace.

"I do look rather well in these things, don't I?" he remarked, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "It is the only thing I shall regret—I mean that John Peters will regret. And Mrs. John, too, perhaps?"

"You'll never look half so nice in ordinary clothes," she admitted, "but—"

"But what?" he whispered.

"You'll look more like John Peters."

Some supper was placed before them, and wine in gold cups. She handled hers with mock reverence.

"I can never drink out of it," she declared. "Are we supposed to, really?"

"It's your last chance," he answered. "The Republicans are going to melt them down to pay off the arrears of the education bill. By the bye, how did you come to be here with Madame de Sayers?"

"You were surprised?" she asked, smiling.

"A little," he admitted. "Madame de Sayers seemed such a queer companion for a red-hot Republican like you. By the bye, do you know that that champagne is paid for by a groaning democracy?"

"It tastes very good," she answered. "I

came with Madame de Sayers because she happens to be my aunt."

It was his turn to be surprised. He looked at her for a moment and set down his glass. "Then you are half Bergian!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "Madame de Sayers and my mother were sisters," she said.

"It is quite extraordinary," he declared. "Your aunt comes from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the country."

"I suppose," she said, "I am the inevitable reaction. But if I wanted to be spiteful, I might remind you of our conversations at St. Moritz."

"There is republicanism and republicanism," he answered. "There is the logical desire of a man to stand upon his own feet and live his own life, and there is the misguided unrest which breeds nihilists and secret societies, which turns out thousands and thousands of parasitical creatures, who are nothing but a blot upon the earth. They would win by sickening crime what God in his good time——"

John Peters broke off in his sentence and sprang to his feet. Grace swayed for a moment in her chair and then staggered up. A low rumbling, like the beginning of a thunder-storm, was followed by a loud report, and then another. John Peters caught his companion by the wrist and dragged her to the door.

### XIX

THE scene out in the great hall was one of wild confusion. In the middle and toward the upper end, the terrified women were all huddled together, shrieking. From the south side, the great glass windows had been blown out, and one could see distinctly across the corridor and entrance hall, to where a breach had been made in the outer wall of the palace itself. Little puffs of smoke were coming in, and a curious red glare illuminated the courtyard. Beyond, the guard to the palace had been momentarily overpowered, and men were everywhere climbing over the high palings. Many were already in the open space, running toward the palace front, and shouting to their comrades to come on. In the fitful red light, their faces seemed like the faces of demons.

John Peters came to a standstill in front

of the breach. He let go Grace's wrist, and his sword flashed from its scabbard. "Women to the north rooms of the palace," he shouted. "Brother officers and men to me."

He pushed Grace away from him and sprang toward the breach, followed by a dozen or more of others. The foremost of the rioters were already in the corridor when John Peters and his little band swept down upon them.

"Outside, you dogs!" he cried fiercely. "A moment's grace only. Out you go!"

The drawn swords and the face of John Peters, black with rage, were terrifying enough. The rioters hesitated. Only their leader sprang forward, and without a moment's hesitation John Peters ran him through the body. The man threw up his arms and fell with a shriek, and John Peters, his sword red with blood, stepped out through the opening in the wall—out into the graveled space before the palace.

"To your homes, you dogs," he cried, "you cowards, who make war upon women and old men! To your homes, or by heaven you will never reach them alive!"

For a moment the mob seemed cowed. Then mutterings began, and finally a hoarse roar of voices. Those who had retreated began to re climb the palings. John Peters stepped even farther forward, so that all could see him.

"I speak to save the life of any honest fool who may be among you," he cried. "One step farther and you come to your death. Look yonder."

They turned their heads and saw the soldiers, some half dressed, hastening from the side door of the palace to the row of Maxims hastily being wheeled into position. Some one from the crowd raised a rifle and fired; the bullet whistled past the ear of the man who stood there so conspicuous an object, and flattened itself harmlessly against the wall of the palace. As if in answer the Maxims spoke. In an instant the air was hideous with shrieks. A long line of the rioters threw up their arms, staggered away, and collapsed. Scarcely one was left unhurt within the enclosure, and from somewhere beyond the square came the roll of drums. It was enough. The rioters broke and fled.

John Peters walked about for a few minutes giving orders. A regiment of soldiers marched into the enclosure, guns

were hastily mounted, and the gates secured. But the rioters seemed to have melted away. In a few moments the square was deserted.

The man who had stayed the panic turned and walked slowly back into the palace. There was still the ugly breach in the wall, where two of the great windows had been blown away, but the fire was already extinct. He stepped across the corridor and into the great ballroom, thronged with terrified women, screaming, asking wild questions, hysterical. The blood from the sword which he still carried was dripping slowly upon the polished floor.

"Ladies," he said, raising his voice so that everyone in the hall might hear, "let me assure you that there is no danger of any sort. A bomb has been thrown through one of the windows of the palace, and a certain amount of damage done. The fire, however, is extinct, and the rioters have been dispersed. The front of the palace is held by the soldiers, who have been quartered in the building for the last week or so, and there is not the slightest sign of any further attack."

There were cries and murmurs of relief from all sides. Then some one called his attention to the sword which he still carried, and he thrust it hastily into its scabbard.

"There may be a little delay, ladies, before you can leave," he continued, "as all carriages have been ordered to the park entrance. The dancing will recommence, the supper-room is at your command. Pray continue to amuse yourselves."

A few women began to sob hysterically. The rest sat with white faces. John Peters strolled to the bandmaster and whispered in his ear. Then he looked round for a moment and walked toward a distant couch, where a girl sat with her face buried in her hands, and a woman sobbed hysterically.

"Little girl," he said, bending over her, "will you prove that you are going to grow up to be a true daughter of Bergeland? Will you dance with me?"

Though white as a sheet, she nevertheless rose at once to her feet. The music struck up, and they glided away. She bit her lips till the blood came, but she laughed softly in his face.

"Your highness dances better than any one else in the world," she said, "but—you must take off your sword—or I shall faint."

He looked downward and saw that they were leaving a faint trail of blood. He stopped for a moment, and, unfastening the

belt, handed it to a servant. She half closed her eyes, and he felt her weight against his arm, but her feet moved to the music.

"Go on!" she begged. "Don't stop, please!"

Others had followed their lead. Soon the floor became crowded. At the sound of the music, and the sight of the dancers, even the most terrified began to feel reassured. The moments of that dumb horror were past.

John Peters came to a standstill, and, feeling his partner clutch at his arm, led her toward the supper-room. "You are a dear, brave child," he said softly, "and I am going to make you drink a glass of wine before I take you back to your mother."

They passed into the tiny annex to the supper-room, curtained off for royalty, and the man in waiting rushed off for the wine which John Peters ordered. Suddenly she leaned across and looked up at him. Her eyes were like stars.

"I saw you outside," she said. "I saw you save us all. Never in all my days shall I believe those terrible things which people say of you."

He took her little face in his great hands, and kissed her upon the forehead, very lightly, almost reverently. "Little lady," he said, "it was nothing that I did. We were quite safe, really. Still, I shall always like to think that one person believes me not quite so bad as the world would make me out."

He made her drink wine, and the color slowly came back to her cheeks. Then he slipped a ring from his finger onto hers.

"You must wear this," he said, "in memory of this evening, until you are married. Then you may give it to your husband."

As they rose, she kissed his hand, with a sudden impulsive movement. She did not say a word, even when he left her with her mother.

"Madame," he said, bowing low, "you should be very proud of your daughter. We all owe her a debt of gratitude. Bergeland will always prosper, so long as her sons have the courage of her daughters."

There was a little murmur and a rustling of dresses as the women rose. The king came down the room. He was ghastly pale, and he leaned heavily upon his stick, but his eyes were almost unnaturally bright. He let his hand fall upon his nephew's shoulder heavily.



"Now what about the army, eh, John?" he demanded. "Who said they would not fire upon rioters, eh? Grobener told me the truth. I am almost glad this has happened. We know where we are now!"

John Peters drew him a little to one side. "My dear uncle," he said, "the whole thing was rather a bluff. We had a hundred picked men, with Maxims, quartered in the palace, in case anything of this sort should happen. We can rely upon them, it is true. What an entire regiment would have done we cannot say."

"But the whole square is full of troops," the king said.

"Exactly, but they arrived after the affair was over," John Peters said dryly. "Ah! there is a young lady with whom I must speak. Excuse me, sir."

Grace was standing alone by a pillar—her eyes had called him. She was pale, and her manner was almost nervous. He stood by her side in silence. She felt the question that his lips refused to utter.

"I could not go without seeing you," she said. "Please take me for one moment where we can be alone. I am not often so foolish, but I have had rather a shock to-night."

He took her into the little annex to the supper-room. "Well?" he asked, and his voice seemed to have gathered a new note of sternness.

"You can't believe that I had anything to do with it?" she exclaimed. "Oh, you can't!"

"I am glad," he answered. "I must confess that I was anxious to be assured."

"I came with a message for the leader of the Republican party here," she said, "but he never came to see me. My friends—no, those whom I used to call my friends—would have helped in any rising here by money or even worse means, but they are not anarchists. They would have had nothing to do with bombs."

"I am glad, dear," he said. "For a moment I was afraid. We have had no bomb-throwing in Varia up to now."

"You believe me?"

"Absolutely," he answered, "but I would like to see you free from this sort of thing. Why did you ever lend yourself to it?"

"Will you come and see me to-morrow?" she asked. "I should like to tell you."

"At the Hotel Bergman?" he asked.

"No, at Madame de Sayers'," she answered. "I went to the Bergman only to meet some one who did not come."

He took her back to her aunt. The guests were all departing now. Screens had been raised, and except for the hammering of workmen, no sign of any untoward event remained. Yet there were very few among those who made their final bow to royalty who did not wonder whether ever again the palace of the king would be open to receive his guests.

## XX

His Majesty the King of Bergeland on the following morning was in an excellent humor. He threw a little bundle of newspapers upon the table at which three men were standing—John Peters, General Grobener, and Baron Bernhardt.

"There!" he said, "I have read them all. You, too, perhaps. The 'Star' even, the most disloyal paper published, denounces last night's outrage as atrocious. They are all in the same strain. I shall believe no more in the disloyalty of my people, any more than I shall believe in the disaffection of my army."

John Peters, who, with the others, had risen respectfully at the king's entrance, shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Sir," he said, "the papers of the country could do no more nor any less than they have done. I believe that last night's affair was an altogether unauthorized plot on the part of the extreme section. Thanks to favoring circumstances, it failed. But——"

"The favoring circumstances being your highness's own courage and presence of mind," Bernhardt said, with a rare note of enthusiasm in his tone. "We others were impotent. It was you who saved the palace, who saved the city, perhaps, from the most disgraceful scene in modern history."

John Peters looked a little annoyed. "Let that go," he answered impatiently. "What I was going to say was, that if by chance that attack had succeeded, it might very soon have been changed from an unauthorized into an authorized one. We know, Bernhardt and I know, that behind this rabble stands a great united party, whose firm resolve is to pull down the throne of Bergeland."

"And how the devil do you pretend to

know anything about it, sir," the king asked, turning upon him passionately, "you, whose dissipations and excesses and evil character have done more than anything else in the world to set the people against my house? How the devil can you pretend to be a judge of the political sentiment of the country?"

"I may be all that you say," John Peters answered calmly, "but I am not a fool, and I don't bury my head in the sand when there is trouble about. I know that when Parliament meets in a fortnight's time, with a huge Republican majority, they're not going to vote us money to support a monarchy. We shall be lucky if we get our railway tickets to the frontier."

"The monarchy," King Ferdinand answered, "is established by constitutional law, and nothing short of a revolution can upset that."

"A revolution is exactly what we have to fear," Bernhardt declared. "I am bound to tell your Majesty that we have some very serious information."

"Well, what is it?" the king asked sharply.

"There is in existence," Bernhardt continued, "the complete draft for a constitutional republic, with every office filled, and every arrangement made. It will be placed upon the table, and carried into effect, within five minutes of the meeting of the new Parliament, and whether it be according to law or not, your Majesty's reign will have ceased in the eyes of the people."

"Whose work is this?" the king demanded, with a dangerous glitter in his eyes.

"It is the work of one man, your Majesty, working through the sub-committee of the Republican party. It is the man whom they call the First Watcher."

The king's face was not pleasant to look upon. He was almost livid with rage. "To-day," he declared, striking the table with his clenched fist, "that man is a traitor. If he should be arrested he could be dealt with in a few hours. And he snaps his fingers at us! It is you, Bernhardt, who are responsible. You are the head of the government police; you have unlimited powers. You come and tell me stories of this man, and when I ask you why he is not arrested, you shrug your shoulders, you have hopes—it will come soon! And now the end is at hand, and the man is still unsuspected."

"Not unsuspected, your Majesty," Bernhardt answered gravely.

"Then for heaven's sake arrest him on suspicion," the king declared angrily. "Do something to show that you and your police are not dummies."

Bernhardt bowed submissively. "Your Majesty," he said, "I doubt whether we could hold him if we attempted an arrest, but we will risk it. One last effort shall be made before Parliament assembles. I promise that."

John Peters looked up from the table, where he had been drawing idle figures with his pencil. "After all," he said, "even if our friend Bernhardt succeeds in arresting the man, it seems to me that his work is finished. We stop nothing by his arrest. In fourteen days the republic of Bergeland is to be pronounced."

"We will see about that," the king declared. "I shall open Parliament myself, and the whole army of the country will be assembled in Parliament Square. If they can play bold strokes, so can we. We'll march troops in, arrest everyone who speaks of that charter, as traitors, dissolve Parliament, and have a fresh election."

"Unfortunately," Bernhardt remarked quietly, "there will be half a million Bergians gathered together, in and around the city, to support the new Parliament."

The king turned an angry face upon the speaker. "Well," he said, "what is it that you others propose, then? You find fault enough with my suggestions. Let us hear yours!"

Grobener raised his hand. "I am with his majesty," he declared. "I say that all this talk of a republic is rank treason, and the army stands pledged to support the throne."

"You hear, gentlemen!" the king declared.

Bernhardt looked across at the general. "General," he said, "at the first sound of disturbance last night, I myself telephoned to the barracks for two regiments of soldiers."

"They were on their way in less than a quarter of an hour," the general answered.

"Two regiments should mean a thousand men," Bernhardt remarked. "How many left barracks?"

"I have no idea," the general answered hotly, "nor is it your business. The roll was called hastily. Some were out on leave."

## The Kingdom of Earth

"Not three-quarters of the two regiments, General," Bernhardt said quietly. "Two hundred and twenty men left the barracks. No more."

"I dispute your statement, sir," the general exclaimed.

"As you will, General," Bernhardt answered, "only my figures are correct, and it seems to me that wilfully, or because you are yourself deceived, you are misleading his majesty as to the complete loyalty of the army."

"His majesty will accept the word of a soldier about his men, before that of a policeman," the general sneered. "I repeat to his majesty that my honor is pledged to defend his person and the country, with the army I have the privilege to command."

"You hear, sir!" the king thundered, his eyes kindling.

"There were only two hundred and twenty men," Bernhardt murmured.

"Enough for the purpose, at any rate," the king answered. "The mob melted away and fled before the very rattle of their drums."

"They melted away because they were a mob, unarmed and undisciplined," John Peters said; "besides, their leader was dead. It will be a very different crowd we shall have to deal with a little later on."

"I still wait," the king said, "for your proposals."

"I think," John Peters said, "that you know my mind. I think that the country has had enough of us, and I think that the country is right. Your Majesty permits me to speak with perfect frankness?"

"Go on, sir," the king answered.

"Your Majesty has ruled over Bergeland for twenty years, and the country has paid pretty dearly for the luxury. You have amassed an immense fortune by private means, means which have become the scandal of all Europe, but nevertheless you have demanded your uttermost pound of flesh from the taxpayers of the country, even in times of dire distress. Your charities have been nil, your private life a scandal. You have set the country an example upon the beach at Misten, in the cafés of Paris and the pleasure-resorts of Vienna, which the more respectable portion of it is likely never to forget. Your name is associated with no single work undertaken for the advance-

ment of the country. A man's private life is his own, a king's is his own only so long as he conceals, or attempts to conceal, its unsavory parts. You have done neither. Therefore the people hate you, and my earnest advice is that, when Parliament meets and proclaims its republic, we make the best of a bad matter and accept its decision."

The king was almost speechless, but his lips had parted a little, so that his teeth showed like a wolf's fangs. "You propose, then," he whispered hoarsely across the table, "that we abdicate without a single blow, when we have the army and if necessary the whole of the German army behind us?"

"I do," John Peters answered, "because the end would be the same. If we incite the people to bloodshed, we shall pay for it with our lives. If we call in mercenaries, we shall be, beyond a shadow of doubt, assassinated. Why not make the most of our lives? You are fabulously rich, I can find enough to live on. We both have some idea, I think, how to amuse ourselves. We shall have to go some day. Let us go gracefully."

"You are a coward, nephew!" the king thundered.

"No, I think not," John Peters answered calmly. "It isn't that. It is because I have common sense and a smattering of philosophy."

The king rose. Anger seemed to have given him strength, for he leaned no more upon his stick. He pointed a threatening finger at his nephew. "You," he cried, "have dared to sit there and reproach me with my private life—you, the most dissolute young vagabond who ever bore our name. Do you need to be reminded of the shameful things you have done? It is you and nobody else who have brought this trouble upon us."

There was a silence. The king resumed his chair, breathing heavily. John Peters made no sign, but after several moments he raised his head.

"To revert to the subject of our discussion, sir," he said, "must we take it for granted that you will refuse in any case to abdicate?"

"Absolutely, finally," the king declared. "The mob can do its worst. I am here, and I stay."

The fifth instalment of "*The Kingdom of Earth*" will appear in the next issue.

# Some Adventures With the Police

By Jack London

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this, the concluding instalment of "My Life in the Underworld," Mr. London relates his adventures with the official representatives of law and order. We trust that our readers have realized the value of these memoirs apart from their intrinsic interest. They reveal Jack London's initiation into the real mysteries and tragedies of existence. In these youthful experiences was developed that remarkable sympathy for those who are brought into strenuous contact with the harsher problems of life, which has made him one of the most popular and sincere fiction writers of the day.



If the tramp were suddenly to pass away from the United States, widespread misery for many families would follow. The tramp enables thousands of men to earn honest livings, educate their children, and bring them up God-fearing and industrious. I know. At one time my father was a constable and hunted tramps for a living. The community paid him so much a head for all the tramps he could catch, and also, I believe, he got mileage fees. Ways and means was always a pressing problem in our household, and the amount of meat on the table, the new pair of shoes, the day's outing, or the text-books for school were dependent upon my father's luck in the chase. Well I remember the suppressed eagerness and the suspense with which I waited each morning to learn what the results of his past night's toil had been—how many tramps he had gathered in and what the chances were for convicting them. And so it was that when, later, as a tramp, I succeeded in eluding some predatory constable, I could not but feel sorry for the little boys and girls at home in that constable's house; it seemed to me that I in a way was defrauding them of some of the good things of life.

But it's all in the game. The hobo defies society, and society's watch-dogs make a living out of him. Some hoboes like to be caught by the watch-dogs, especially in winter-time. Of course such hoboes select communities where the jails are "good," wherein no work is performed and the food is substantial. Also, there have been, and most probably still are, constables who divide their fees with the hoboes they arrest.

Such a constable does not have to hunt. He whistles, and the game comes right up to his hand. It is surprising, the money that is made out of stone-broke tramps. All through the South—at least there were when I was hoboing—are convict camps and plantations, where the time of convicted hoboes is bought by the farmers and where the hoboes simply have to work. Then there are places like the quarries at Rutland, Vermont, where the hobo is exploited, the unearned energy in his body, which he has accumulated by "battering on the drag" or "slamming gates," being extracted for the benefit of that particular community.

Now I don't know anything about the quarries at Rutland, Vermont. I'm very glad that I don't, when I remember how near I was to getting into them. Tramps pass the word along, and I first heard of those quarries when I was in Indiana. But when I got into New England I heard of them continually, and always with danger-signals flying. "They want men in the quarries," the passing hoboes said; "and they never give a 'stiff' less than ninety days." By the time I got into New Hampshire I was pretty well keyed up over those quarries, and I fought shy of railroad cops, "bulls" (police-men), and constables as I never had before.

One evening I went down to the railroad yards at Concord and found a freight-train made up and ready to start. I located an empty box-car, slid open the side door, and climbed in. It was my hope to win across to White River Junction by morning; that would bring me into Vermont and not more than a thousand miles from Rutland. But after that, as I worked north, the distance between me and the point of danger would begin to increase. In the car I found a "gay-cat" (a tramp new to the road), who

displayed unusual trepidation at my entrance. He took me for a "shack" (brake-man), and when he learned that I was only a stiff he began talking about the quarries at Rutland as the cause of the fright I had given him. He was a young country fellow, and had beaten his way only over local stretches of road.

The freight got under way, and we lay down in one end of the box-car and went to sleep. Two or three hours afterward, at a stop, I was awakened by the noise of the right-hand door being softly opened. The gay-cat slept on. I made no movement. A lantern was thrust in through the doorway, followed by the head of a shack. He discovered us, and looked at us for a moment. I was prepared for a violent expression on his part—for the customary "Hit the grit, you son of a toad!" Instead of this he cautiously withdrew the lantern and very, very softly slid the door to. This struck me as eminently unusual and suspicious. I listened, and I heard the hasp drop softly into place. The door was latched on the outside. We could not open it from the inside. One way of sudden exit from that car was blocked. It would never do. I waited a few seconds, then crept to the left-hand door and tried it. It was not yet latched. I opened it, dropped to the ground, and closed it behind me. Then I passed across the bumpers to the other side of the train. I opened the door the shack had latched, climbed in, and closed it behind me. Both exits were available again. The gay-cat was still asleep.

The train got under way. It came to the next stop. I heard footsteps in the gravel. Then the left-hand door was thrown open noisily. The gay-cat awoke, I made believe to awake, and we sat up and stared at the shack and his lantern. He didn't waste any time getting down to business.

"I want three dollars," he said.

We got on our feet and came nearer to him to confer. We expressed an absolute and devoted willingness to give him three dollars, but explained our wretched luck that compelled his desire to remain unsatisfied. The shack was incredulous. He dickered with us. He would compromise for two dollars. We regretted our condition of poverty. He said uncomplimentary things, called us sons of toads, and things that are worse. Then he threatened. He explained that if we didn't dig up he'd lock us in and

carry us on to White River and turn us over to the authorities. He also explained all about the quarries at Rutland.

Now that shack thought he had us cornered. Was not he guarding one door, and had not he himself latched the opposite door but a few minutes before? When he began talking about quarries, the frightened gay-cat started to sidle across to the other door. The shack laughed loud and long. "Don't be in a hurry," he said; "I locked that door on the outside at the last stop." So implicitly did he believe the door to be locked that his words carried conviction. The gay-cat believed and was in despair.

The shack delivered his ultimatum. Either we should dig up two dollars or he would lock us in and turn us over to the constable at White River—and that meant ninety days and the quarries.

But the door was unlocked, and I, alone, knew it. The gay-cat and I begged for mercy. I joined in the pleading and wailing out of sheer cussedness, I suppose. But I did my best. I told a "story" that would have melted the heart of any muff; but it didn't melt the heart of that sordid money-grasper of a shack. When he became convinced that we didn't have any money, he slid the door shut and latched it, then lingered a moment on the chance that we had fooled him and that we would now offer him the two dollars.

Then it was that I let out a few links. I called *him* a son of a toad. I called him all the other things he had called me. And then I called him a few additional things. I came from the West where men knew how to swear, and I wasn't going to let any shack on a measly New England "jerk" beat me in vividness and vigor of language. At first the shack tried to laugh it down. Then he made the mistake of attempting to reply. I let out a few more links, and I cut him to the raw and therein rubbed winged and flaming epithets. Nor was my fine frenzy all whim and literary; I was indignant at this vile creature who, in default of a dollar, would consign me to three months of slavery. Furthermore, I had an idea that he got a "drag" out of the constable's fees.

But I fixed him. I lacerated his feelings and pride several dollars' worth. He tried to scare me by threatening to come in after me and kick the stuffing out of me. In return, I promised to kick him in the face while he was climbing in. The advantage



of position was with me, and he saw it. So he kept the door shut and called for help from the rest of the train-crew. I could hear them answering and crunching through the gravel to him. And all the time the other door was unlatched, and they didn't know it; and in the meantime the gay-cat was ready to die with fear.

Oh, I was a hero—with my line of retreat straight behind me. I slanged the shack and his mates till they threw the door open and I could see their infuriated faces in the shine of the lanterns. It was all very simple to them. They had us cornered in the car, and they were going to come in and manhandle us. They started. I didn't kick anybody in the face. I jerked the opposite door open, and the gay-cat and I went out. The train-crew took after us.

We went over—if I remember correctly—a stone fence. But I have no doubts of recollection about where we found ourselves. In the darkness I promptly fell over a grave-stone. The gay-cat sprawled over another. And then we got the chase of our lives through that graveyard. The ghosts must have thought we were going some. So did the train-crew, for when we emerged from the graveyard and plunged across a road into a dark wood, the shacks gave up the pursuit and went back to their train. A little later that night the gay-cat and I found ourselves at the well of a farmhouse. We were after a drink of water, but we noticed a small rope that ran down one side of the well. We hauled it up and found on the end of it a gallon can of cream. And that is as near as I got to the quarries at Rutland, Vermont.

The finishing touch to my education in bulls was received on a hot summer afternoon in New York city. It was during a week of scorching weather. I had got into the habit of throwing my feet in the morning, and of spending the afternoon in the little park that is hard by Newspaper Row and the City Hall. It was near there that I could buy from push-cart men current books (that had been injured in the printing or binding) for a few cents each. Then, right in the park itself, were little booths where one could buy glorious, ice-cold, sterilized milk and buttermilk at a penny a glass. Every afternoon I sat on a bench and read, and went on a milk debauch. I got away with from five to ten glasses each afternoon. It was dreadfully hot weather.

So here I was, a meek and studious milk-

drinking hobo, and behold what I got for it. One afternoon I arrived at the park, a fresh book-purchase under my arm and a tremendous buttermilk thirst under my shirt. In the middle of the street, in front of the City Hall, I noticed, as I came along heading for the buttermilk-booth, that a crowd had formed. It was right where I was crossing the street, so I stopped to see the cause of the collection of curious men. At first I could see nothing. Then, from the sounds I heard, and from a glimpse I caught, I knew that it was a bunch of gamins playing pee-wee. Now pee-wee is not permitted in the streets of New York. I didn't know that, but I soon learned it. I had paused possibly thirty seconds, in which time I had learned the cause of the crowd, when I heard a gamin yell, "The cop!" The gamins knew their business. They ran. I didn't.

The crowd broke up immediately and started for the sidewalks on both sides of the street. I started for the sidewalk on the park side. There must have been fifty men, who had been in the original crowd, who were heading in the same direction. We were loosely strung out. I noticed the bull, a strapping policeman, coming along the middle of the street, without haste, merely sauntering. I noticed casually that he changed his course, and was heading obliquely for the same sidewalk that I was heading for directly. He sauntered along, threading the strung-out crowd, and I noticed that his course and mine would cross each other. I was so innocent of wrong-doing that, in spite of my education in bulls and their ways, I apprehended nothing. I never dreamed that bull was after me. Out of my respect for the law I was actually all ready to pause the next moment and let him cross in front of me. The pause came all right, but it was not of my volition; also, it was a backward pause. Without warning, that bull had suddenly launched out at me on the chest with both hands. At the same moment, verbally, he cast the bar sinister on my genealogy.

All my free American blood boiled. All my liberty-loving ancestors clamored in me. "What do you mean?" I demanded. You see, I wanted an explanation. And I got it. Bang! His club came down on top of my head, and I was reeling backward like a drunken man, the curious faces of the on-lookers billowing up and down like the waves of the sea, my precious book falling

from under my arm into the dirt, the bull advancing with the club ready for another blow. And in that dizzy moment I had a vision. I saw the club descending many times upon my head; I saw myself, bloody and battered and hard-looking, in a police court; I heard a charge of disorderly conduct, profane language, resisting an officer, and a few other things, read by a clerk; and I saw myself across on Blackwells Island. Oh, I knew the game. I lost all interest in explanations. I didn't stop to pick up my precious, unread book. I turned and ran. I was pretty sick, but I ran. And run I shall, to my dying day, whenever a bull begins to explain with a club.

Why, years after my tramping days, when I was a student at the University of California, one night I went to the circus. After the show and the concert I lingered on to watch the working of the transportation machinery of a great circus. The circus was leaving that night. By a bonfire I came upon a bunch of small boys. There were about twenty of them, and as they talked I learned that they were going to run away with the circus. Now the circus-men didn't want to be bothered with this mess of urchins, and a telephone message to police headquarters had "coppered" the play. A squad of ten policemen had been despatched to the scene to arrest the small boys for violating the nine-o'clock-curfew ordinance. The policemen surrounded the bonfire, and crept up close to it in the darkness. At the signal, they made a rush, each policeman grabbing at the youngsters as he would grab into a basket of squirming eels.

Now I didn't know anything about the coming of the police, and when I saw the sudden eruption of brass-buttoned, helmeted bulls, each of them reaching with both hands, all the forces and stability of my being were overthrown. Remained only the automatic process to run. And I ran. I didn't know I was running. I didn't know anything. It was, as I have said, automatic. There was no reason for me to run. I was not a hobo. I was a citizen of that community. It was my home town. I was guilty of no wrong-doing. I was a college man. I had even got my name in the papers, and I wore good clothes that had never been slept in. And yet I ran—blindly, madly, for over a block. And when I came to myself I noted that I was still

running. It required a positive effort of will to stop those legs of mine.

No, I'll never get over it. I can't help it. When a bull reaches, I run. Besides, I have an unhappy faculty for getting into jail. I have been in jail more times since I was a hobo than when I was one. I start out on a Sunday morning with a young lady on a bicycle ride. Before we can get outside the city limits we are arrested for passing a pedestrian on the sidewalk. I resolve to be more careful. The next time I am on a bicycle it is nighttime and my acetylene-gas lamp is misbehaving. I cherish the sickly flame carefully, because of the ordinance. I am in a hurry, but I ride at a snail's pace so as not to jar out the flickering flame. I reach the city limits; I am beyond the jurisdiction of the ordinance, and I proceed to scorch to make up for lost time. And half a mile farther on I am "pinched" by a bull, and the next morning I forfeit my bail in the police court. The city had treacherously extended its limits a mile into the country, and I didn't know it, that was all. I remember my inalienable right of free speech and peaceable assemblage, and I get up on a soap-box to liberate the particular economic bees that buzz in my bonnet, and a bull takes me off that box and leads me to the city prison, and after that I get out on bail. It's no use. In Korea I used to be arrested about every other day. It was the same thing in Manchuria. The last time I was in Japan I broke into jail under the pretext of being a Russian spy. It wasn't my pretext, but it got me into jail just the same. There is no hope for me. I am fated to do the Prisoner-of-Chillon stunt yet. This is prophecy.

I once hypnotized a bull on Boston Common. It was past midnight, and he had me dead to rights; but before I got done with him he had given me a quarter and the address of an all-night restaurant. Then there was a bull in Bristol, Pennsylvania, who caught me and let me go, and heaven knows he had provocation enough to put me in jail. I'll wager I hit him the hardest he was ever hit in his life. It happened this way. About midnight I nailed a freight on the Pennsylvania out of Philadelphia. The shacks ditched me. She was pulling out slowly through the maze of tracks and switches of the freight-yards. I nailed her again, and again I was ditched. You see, I had to nail her outside, for she was

a through freight with every door locked and sealed.

The second time I was ditched the shack gave me a lecture. He told me I was risking my life, that it was a fast freight, and that she went some. I told him I was used to going some myself, but it was no go. He said he wouldn't permit me to commit suicide, and I hit the grit. But I nailed her a third time, getting in between on the bumpers. They were the most meager bumpers I had ever seen—I do not refer to the real bumpers, the iron bumpers that are connected by the coupling-link and that pound and grind on each other; what I refer to are the beams, like huge cleats, that cross the ends of freight-cars just above the bumpers. When one rides the bumpers he stands on these cleats, one foot on each, the bumpers between his feet and just beneath.

As the freight got out of Philadelphia she began to hit up speed. Then I understood what the shack had meant by suicide. The freight went faster and faster. She was a through freight, and there was nothing to stop her. On that section of the Pennsylvania four tracks run side by side, and my east-bound freight didn't need to worry about passing west-bound freights, nor about being overtaken by east-bound expresses. She had the track to herself, and she used it. I was in a precarious situation. I stood with the mere edges of my feet on the narrow projections, the palms of my hands pressing desperately against the flat, perpendicular ends of the cars. And those cars moved, moved individually, up and down and back and forth. Did you ever see a circus rider standing on two running horses, with one foot on the back of each horse? Well, that was what I was doing, with several differences. The circus rider had the reins to hold on to, while I had nothing; he stood on the broad soles of his feet, while I stood on the edges of mine; he bent his legs and body, gaining the strength of the arch in his posture and achieving the stability of a low center of gravity, while I was compelled to stand upright and keep my legs straight; he rode face-forward, while I was riding sidewise; and also, if he had fallen off he'd have gotten only a roll in the sawdust, while I'd have been ground to pieces beneath the wheels.

Roaring and shrieking, that freight swung madly around curves and thundered over trestles, one car-end bumping up when the

other was jarring down, or jerking to the right at the same moment the other was lurching to the left, and with me all the while praying and hoping for the train to stop. But she didn't stop; she didn't have to. For the first, last, and only time on the road I got all I wanted. I abandoned the bumpers and managed to get out on a side ladder; it was ticklish work, for I had never encountered car-ends that were so parsimonious of hand-holds and foot-holds as those car-ends were.

I heard the engine whistling, and I felt the speed easing down. I knew the train wasn't going to stop, but my mind was made up to chance it if she slowed down sufficiently. The right of way at this point took a curve, crossed a bridge over a canal, and cut through the town of Bristol. This combination compelled slow speed. I clung on to the side ladder and waited. I didn't know it was the town of Bristol we were approaching. I didn't know what necessitated the slackening in speed. All I knew was that I wanted to get off. I strained my eyes in the darkness for a street-crossing on which to land. I was pretty well down the train, and before my car was in the town the engine was past the station and I could feel her making speed again.

Then came the street. It was too dark to see how wide it was or what was on the other side. I knew I needed all of that street if I was to remain on my feet after I struck. I dropped off on the near side. It sounds easy. By "dropped off" I mean just this: First of all I thrust my body forward as far as I could in the direction the train was going—this to give as much space as possible in which to gain backward momentum when I swung. Then I swung, swung out and backward, with all my might, and let go, at the same time throwing myself backward as if I intended to strike the ground on the back of my head. The whole effort was to overcome as much as possible the primary forward momentum the train had imparted to my body. When my feet hit the grit my body was lying backward on the air at an angle of forty-five degrees. I had reduced the forward momentum some, for when my feet struck I did not immediately pitch forward on my face. Instead, my body rose to the perpendicular and began to incline forward. In point of fact, my body proper still retained much momentum, while my feet,

through contact with the earth, had lost all their momentum. This momentum the feet had lost I had to supply anew by lifting them as rapidly as I could and running them forward in order to keep them under my forward-moving body. The result was that my feet beat a rapid and explosive tattoo clear across the street. I didn't dare stop them. If I had, I'd have pitched forward. It was up to me to keep on going.

I was an involuntary projectile, worrying about what was on the other side of the street and hoping that it wouldn't be a stone wall or a telegraph pole. And just then I hit something. Horrors! I saw it just the instant before the disaster—of all things, a bull, standing there in the darkness. We went down together, rolling over and over; and the automatic process in that miserable creature was such that in the moment of impact he reached out and clutched me and never let go. We were both knocked out, and he held on to a very lamblike hobo while he recovered.

If that bull had any imagination he must have thought me a traveler from other worlds, the man from Mars just arriving; for in the darkness he hadn't seen me swing from the train. In fact, his first words were, "Where did you come from?" His next words, and before I had time to answer, were, "I've a good mind to run you in." This latter I am convinced was likewise automatic. He was a really good bull at heart, for after I had told him a "story" and helped brush off his clothes, he gave me until the next freight to get out of town. I stipulated two things: first, that the freight be east-bound, and second, that it should not be a through freight with all doors sealed and locked. To this he agreed, and thus, by the terms of the treaty of Bristol, I escaped being pinched.

I remember another night, in that part of the country, when I just missed another bull. If I had hit him I'd have telescoped him, for I was coming down from above, all holds free, with several other bulls one jump behind and reaching for me. This is how it happened. I had been lodging in a livery-stable in Washington. I had a box-stall and unnumbered horse-blankets all to myself. In return for such sumptuous accommodations I took care of a string of horses each morning. I might have been there yet, if it hadn't been for the bulls.

One evening, about nine o'clock, I re-

turned to the stable to go to bed, and found a crap game in full blast. It had been a market day, and all the negroes had money. It would be well to explain the lay of the land. The livery-stable faced on two streets. I entered the front, passed through the office, and came to the alley between the rows of stalls that ran the length of the building and opened out on the other street. Midway along this alley, beneath a gas-jet and between the rows of horses, were about forty negroes. I joined them as an on-looker. I was broke and couldn't play. A coon was making passes and not dragging down. He was riding his luck, and with each pass the total stake doubled. All kinds of money lay on the floor. It was fascinating. With each pass, the chances increased tremendously against the coon's making another pass. The excitement was intense. And just then came a smash on the big doors that opened on the back street.

A few of the negroes bolted in the opposite direction. I paused from my flight a moment to grab at the money on the floor. This wasn't theft; it was merely custom. Every man who hadn't run was grabbing. The doors crashed open and swung in, and through them surged a squad of bulls. We surged the other way. It was dark in the office, and the narrow door would not permit all of us to pass out to the street at the same time. Things became congested. A coon took a dive through the window, taking the sash along with him and followed by other coons. At our rear the bulls were making prisoners. A big coon and myself made a dash at the door at the same time. He was bigger than I, and he pivoted me and got through first. The next instant a club swatted him on the head and he went down like a steer. Another squad of bulls was waiting outside for us. They knew they couldn't stop the rush with their hands, and so they were swinging their clubs. I stumbled over the fallen coon who had pivoted me, ducked a swat from a club, dived between a bull's legs, and was free. And then how I ran! There was a lean mulatto just in front of me, and I took his pace. He knew the town better than I did, and I knew that in the way he ran lay safety. But he, on the other hand, took me for a pursuing bull. He never looked around; he just ran. My wind was good, and I hung on to his pace and nearly killed him. In the end he stumbled weakly, went down

on his knees, and surrendered to me. And when he discovered I wasn't a bull, all that saved me was that he didn't have any wind left in him.

That was why I left Washington—not on account of the mulatto, but on account of the bulls. I went down to the station and caught the first blind out on a Pennsylvania Railroad express. After the train got well under way and I noted the speed she was making, a misgiving smote me. This was a four-track railroad, and the engines took water on the fly. Hoboes had long since warned me never to ride the first blind on trains where the engines took water on the fly. And now let me explain. Between the tracks are shallow metal troughs. As the engine, at full speed, passes above, a sort of chute drops down into the trough. The result is that all the water in the trough rushes up the chute and fills the tender.

Somewhere between Washington and Baltimore, as I sat on the platform of the blind, a fine spray began to fill the air. It did no harm. "Aha!" thought I; "it's all a bluff, this taking water on the fly being bad for the hobo on the first blind. What does this little spray amount to?" Then I began to marvel at the device. This *was* railroading! And just then the tender filled up, and we hadn't reached the end of the trough. A tidal wave of water poured over the back of the tender and down upon me. I was soaked to the skin.

The train pulled into Baltimore. As is the custom in some of the great Eastern cities, the railroad ran beneath the level of the streets. As the train pulled into the lighted station, I made myself as small as possible on the blind, but a railroad bull saw me and gave chase. Two more joined him. I was past the station, and I ran straight on down the track. I was in a sort of trap. On each side of me rose the steep walls of the cut, and if I ever essayed them and failed, I knew that I'd slide back into the clutches of the bulls. I ran on and on, studying the walls of the cut for a favorable place to climb up. At last I saw such a place. It came just after I had passed under a bridge that carried a level street across the cut. Up the steep slope I went, clawing hand and foot. The three railroad bulls were clawing up right after me.

At the top, I found myself in a vacant lot. On one side was a low wall that separated it from the street. There was no time for

minute investigation. They were at my heels. I headed for the wall and vaulted it. And right there was where I got the surprise of my life. One is used to thinking that one side of a wall is just as high as the other side. But that wall was different. You see, the vacant lot was much higher than the level of the street. On my side the wall was low, but on the other side—well, as I came soaring over the top, it seemed to me that I was falling, feet first, plump into an abyss. There beneath me, on the sidewalk, in the light of a street-lamp, was a bull. I guess it was nine or ten feet down to the sidewalk; but it seemed twice that distance.

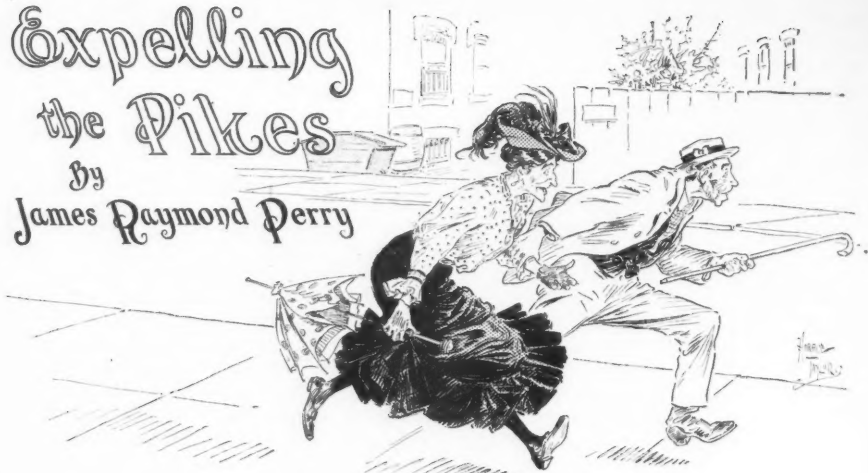
I straightened out in the air and came down. At first I thought I was going to land on the bull. My clothes did brush him as my feet struck the sidewalk with explosive impact. It was a wonder he didn't drop dead, for he hadn't heard me coming. It was the man-from-Mars stunt over again. The bull did jump. He shied away from me like a horse from an auto; and then he reached for me. I didn't stop to explain. I left that to my pursuers, who were dropping over the wall rather gingerly. But I got a chase all right. I ran up one street and down another, and at last got away.

After spending some of the coin I'd got from the crap game, I came back to the railroad cut, just outside the lights of the station, and waited for a train. My blood had cooled down, and I shivered miserably in my wet clothes. At last a train pulled into the station. I lay low in the darkness, and successfully boarded her when she pulled out, taking good care this time to make the second blind. No more water on the fly in mine. The train ran forty miles to the first stop. I got off in a lighted station that was strangely familiar. I was back in Washington. In some way, during the excitement of the get-away in Baltimore, running through strange streets, dodging and turning and retracing, I had got turned around. I had taken the train out the wrong way. I had lost a night's sleep, I had been soaked to the skin, I had been chased for my life; and for all my pains I was back where I had started. Oh, no, life on the road is not all beer and skittles. But I didn't go back to the livery-stable. I had done some pretty successful grabbing, and I didn't want to reckon up with the coons. So I caught the next train out, and ate my breakfast in Baltimore.



# Expelling the Pikes

By  
James Raymond Perry



Illustrated by Horace Taylor

**M**RS. DEWEY returned from the telephone with dismay on her face. "The Pikes are in the city, Harold," she said; "Madge Foster just telephoned."

"Not the Millersville Pikes?" exclaimed Dewey.

"Yes, the Millersville Pikes!" answered his wife, a look of despair on her face.

"I suppose they are coming to see us, then."

"Yes; they're on the way now, Madge says. They were at her house yesterday and last night, and they are coming to spend to-day and to-night with us. What *shall* we do, Harold?"

"Why, that's simple; we'll spend the day out. When they get here they won't find anyone at home."

"Oh, but you don't know them as well as I do, Harold. We might stay out till midnight; they'd be sitting on the stairs when we got back. They're the awfulest people! All the other tenants would see them, and the Pikes would ask them if they knew where we'd gone and when we were coming home, and would tell them all about how they knew us when we lived in Millersville—if they'd listen. The Russells wouldn't—they'd simply stare at them and pass by; but the Lewises and the Duttons might, and the Bruces."

"We'll have to spend the night at a hotel,

then, I suppose. It's pretty tough though to be driven out of house and home by people like the Pikes," he continued. "How would it do to keep a lookout at the window and when they come not answer the ring?"

"And have them camp down outside our door? No, I'd rather let them in!"

"I have it! Suppose we get the Bruces to move into our apartment, and we'll move into theirs. Then, when the Pikes come, Bruce can tell them he has taken our apartment furnished. That wouldn't be a lie. He would have taken it—temporarily. The Pikes would see then that it wouldn't do any good to wait and would go away. I'll speak to Bruce. He will do it. He likes a joke better than eating."

"Will I? Sure I will!" Bruce answered, when the project was laid before him.

"Glad to be of service to you, Dewey."

"We wouldn't think of asking it, Mr. Bruce—we wouldn't think of doing such a thing, if the Pikes weren't just the sort of people they are," Mrs. Dewey explained. "I don't know whether you know the type, or not, Mr. Bruce, but every little town has at least one family like the Pikes. Their sole aim in life is to talk about other people. However innocent an act may be, they always twist it till it looks wrong. They are absolutely without self-respect, you cannot hurt their feelings, and no amount of snubbing will squelch them."

X  
 "Now the Pikes have been to see the Fosters, and they are coming to see us, for no reason in the world except to be able to go back to Millersville and tell the folks there just how we live, just how we dress, just what we said and did—only it won't be just as it was, any of it.

"I know it doesn't seem nice to treat visitors from one's old home inhospitably, and, really, there are not half a dozen persons in Millersville that we would feel the same way about. We'd be glad to have any of our Millersville friends come and see us, and we'd treat them as well as we knew how. But the Pikes are not our friends and never have been. They are merely acquaintances of a peculiar type—the kind who cannot see why you shouldn't regard them as dear friends because they knew your father and mother and have spoken to you a few times. I hope you understand, Mr. Bruce, just how it is, and won't think we are horrid prigs and ungracious toward people we ought to be kind to."

"Not at all, Mrs. Dewey. From what you have said, I think I can imagine the kind of folks the Pikes are," Bruce replied. "A little judicious frost never harms that type and, for that matter, never does them any good, either, I presume. Well, if the enemy is already on the march, you children

had better move over right away. Mrs. Bruce can visit you while I pose as the gentleman who subrented the Deweys' furnished apartment."

"Indeed, I'm not going to visit the Deweys the very moment we've taken their apartment," protested Mrs. Bruce; "I'm going to stay right here with you, Dick. The idea of going visiting at such a moment! It's as good as vaudeville to watch Dick when he gets started, Mrs. Dewey; I only wish you and Mr. Dewey could be here. He'll probably invite the Pikes in just to prolong the fun."

"Better not," cautioned Dewey. "Give them half a chance and they'll settle down to stay all night. Don't let them cross the threshold, is my advice."

"I don't suppose we ought to have asked the Bruces to do it," Mrs. Dewey said, when they had crossed the hall to their friends' apartment. "It's such an odd request."

"Oh, they'll understand," Dewey answered; "if they don't now they will as soon as they see the Pikes. I'm not worrying about that. The only thing that worries me is the fear that when the Pikes find the Bruces know us they'll walk right in and make themselves at home."

"They wouldn't do that, Harold, would they? They couldn't!"



"'DOLPHUS AN' I COME UP TO SPEND A FEW DAYS IN CHICAGO, AN'  
 WE'RE 'ROUND VISITIN'!"

## Expelling the Pikes



"WE'D JEST AS SOON HAVE LEMONADE, EF IT'S ANY EASIER FOR YOU"

"They're capable of it; that is, capable of trying. Bruce is a resourceful man, though; I guess he could prevent them. There's the door-bell!"

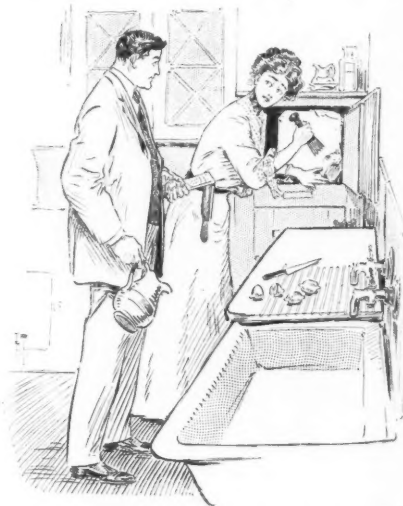
"It's I—Mrs. Bruce," called a voice. "I merely wanted to tell you, Mrs. Dewey," she said, when they had opened the door, "that I'm expecting a bundle from Field's. Some of the delivery boys come to the front door in spite of the sign on the door downstairs. If the bell rings take the bundle in, won't you, dear? That's all. Now I must hurry back and be there when the Pikes arrive."

"I'm going to watch, and when they come I'm going to the hall door and listen through the keyhole to hear how the Bruces get rid of them," said Mrs. Dewey when Mrs. Bruce had gone. She had barely reached the window when the door-bell rang again. "That's the bundle from Field's," she said, running back to the hall. She opened the door and stood staring blankly into the faces of the Pikes.

Mrs. Pike was the first to speak. "Well, Mis' Dewey—Milandy, I guess you don't know us. Guess you warn't 'spectin' t' see some of yer old friends from Millersville. 'Dolphus an' I come up to spend a few days in Chicago, an' we're 'round visitin'. We was over ter Mis' Foster's—Madge Foster's—last night. Lord, they don't live very well! You'd think t' hear 'em talk when they come

back visitin' in Millersville that they pretty near owned Chicago. They live in a little narrer house not more'n thirty feet wide, an' no yard to speak of. An' they don't own the house—they jest rent it; Madge told me herself. An' he ain't in business for himself; he's jest on a salary! 'Dolphus says he probably gets three thousan' a year, but I don't b'lieve he gets more'n two. Ef he does Mis' Foster'd told me, I guess, when I asked her what he got. 'Stead sayin', she jest laughed an' said she'd discussed most every other subject with me, an' she guessed she wouldn't discuss that. He may not get more'n fifteen hundred. Anyhow, if his salary hadn't been pretty small, she'd never answered like that. It's easy 'nough t' see that.

"Well, Mr. Dewey—Harold, I s'pose I c'n call you; I used to, anyhow, when you was a little chap back in Millersville—seems t' me you're lookin' kind o' peaked. Not very well, are you? I don't b'lieve this livin' cooped up in flats, ez they call 'em, 's very healthy. I dunno but I sh'd ruther live in a house like the Fosters do, if 'tis a little narrer one, with no yard. I b'lieve it's healthier. You don't look's plump an' healthy's you used to, Mis' Dewey, yourself. You used to be kinder pretty. I don't mean you're not good lookin' now; but you was what you might call real pretty, in a rosy sort o' way, when you lived in



"WE MIGHT SET FIRE TO THE APARTMENT," SUGGESTED DEWEY



"GUESS YOU CLEAN FERGOT THE SUGAR, MILANDY. I CAN'T DRINK LEMONADE 'S SOUR 'S THAT"

Millersville. But you've changed lots, both of you.

"Well, 'Dolphus, ain't you goin' to say howdy-do to Mr. an' Mis' Dewey? Lord, they might think you'd lost yer tongue!"

Long before finishing her monologue, Mrs. Pike had edged past Mrs. Dewey and stood in the parlor, with eyes roving eagerly from floor to ceiling, taking in oriental rugs, chairs, tables, lamps, pictures, bric-à-brac, and all articles of whatsoever nature that went toward the furnishing of the Bruces' apartment.

Thus adjured by his spouse, Adolphus spoke. "Howdy-do, Milandy; howdy-do, Harold," he said. "Mother's right, I guess; you don't look quite's well's I've seen ye, either of you." The expression on the faces of the Deweys in truth was not cheerful. When a threatened blow which you think you have escaped by clever maneuvering falls, you are naturally a bit dazed.

"Set down, 'Dolphus," said Mrs. Pike, herself dropping into a chair and removing her hat. "I declare!" she said, "it seems good to set down after trampin' on them stun walks."

Mechanically Mrs. Dewey took the hat which Mrs. Pike held out to her.

"It makes a person hungry, too, trampin' does," continued Mrs. Pike. "Ain't you hungry, 'Dolphus?"

Mr. Pike admitted that he was.

"Ef you could give us a cup o' tea, an' a bite o' somethin', ef 'tain't no more'n a hunk o' gingerbread," suggested Mrs. Pike, unbuttoning the two upper buttons of her waist and rubbing her perspiring neck with a handkerchief. "We'd jest as soon have lemonade, ef it's any easier for you. In fact I dunno but I'd rather have it—ef it's good an' cold. Ef 'tain't too much bother, Milandy, you might put a little butter on the gingerbread."

Mrs. Pike leaned back comfortably in her chair. Neither the piano at one end of the room nor the heavy davenport at the other seemed more solidly fixed than she.

"Harold!" called Mrs. Dewey from the hallway, where she was hanging Mrs. Pike's hat on the hat-tree, "Harold, you can come and squeeze the lemons." Once in the kitchen and out of sight and sound of the Pikes, the Deweys stared at each other, and then burst into hysterical laughter.

"It's too ridiculous!" exclaimed Mrs. Dewey. "Of course they had to blunder into the wrong apartment just because we'd borrowed it! We might have known we couldn't escape them. They're not the kind you can escape from. And here we are in the Bruces' apartment with those people on our hands. What are we going to do?"

"If the Bruces weren't friends of ours we

## Expelling the Pikes

might set fire to the apartment," suggested Dewey. "I don't believe anything else would drive them out. They've grown to the furniture, both of them. Mr. Pike had pulled off his boots and was lying down on the davenport when I left. What are you laughing at now, Millie?"

"I was thinking about the Morris-chair. You remember that time when the back wasn't fastened and it gave way under Mr. Bruce? I was wishing it would do it now. But it won't. There won't anything happen; there never does to such people!"

"Well, we can give them some lemonade and wafers, and then you must think of some way to get rid of them, Harold. We can't let them stay here in the Bruces' apartment, and we can't tell them it isn't ours. There's no way we could explain it. If we tried to, they'd go back to Millersville and tell all sorts of stories about it. We've got to go on just as if it was our apartment, only we *must* get rid of them some way."

"I'll see what Bruce says. He's a man of ideas," and Dewey went around to the rear door of his own apartment to get the Bruces.

"Go ahead and make the lemonade, and we'll consider plans," Bruce said. "Don't put in much sugar, but put in lots of lemon. It's just as well to hand them a lemon at the start," he added with a grin. "It'll be a delicate indicator of what they are to expect."

"I don't know how we'll ever get them out, Bruce," Dewey said. "Pike has gone to bed on the davenport, and Mrs. Pike, partly disrobed, is resting comfortably in the Morris-chair. An earthquake might dislodge them, but I don't know of anything else that would. I suggested to Millie setting fire to the place. If it was our own we might, but we can't burn you out of house and home—at least not until we've tried other means."

"How big a place is Millersville?" Bruce asked.

"Oh, just a little town. The population isn't more than three thousand."

"It's easy, then," Bruce said. "Pike will have to sit up when he drinks the lemonade, and while they're drinking it, I'll call you up on the telephone and ask you if you know there's a big fire around the corner. The Pikes will want to rush out to see it. Country folks will run quicker to

see a fire than anything else on earth. They'll move fast enough when you tell them about it."

"But they'll come back when they don't find it," said Dewey doubtfully.

"Don't worry about that. We'll fix it all right. By the time they're back Mary and I will be living in our own apartment again. I'll take care of them when they return. Don't you bother about it, Dewey. Now is that lemonade ready? All right, take it in to them, Mrs. Dewey; and, Dewey, you may expect a message over the 'phone in about sixty seconds. Come on, Mary, we'll go home to our furnished apartment now."

Bearing a tray with the sour lemonade and some wafers, Mrs. Dewey returned to the Pikes, followed by Dewey. A raucous but intermittent rumble met them as they advanced. It proved to be Pike snoring.

"Wake up, 'Dolphus!" called Mrs. Pike sharply, and Mr. Pike sat up suddenly with a bewildered look on his face.

"Gosh! I must 'a' dropped off a minute, I guess," he remarked.

"Here's the lemonade," Mrs. Dewey said. "We haven't any gingerbread, but perhaps these wafers will do. If you think they won't I can send Harold out for gingerbread."

"Oh, you needn't bother to," Mrs. Pike said, with an air of magnanimously overlooking a breach of hospitality. "'Dolphus is awful fond o' gingerbread, but I guess he can make them cookies do. They're tiny little things, ain't they? Not bigger'n a mouthful! My! my! but that lemonade's sour! Ugh!" with a shuddering grimace. "Guess you clean fergot the sugar, Milandy. Sorry to trouble you, but I can't drink lemonade 's sour 's that," and she held her glass out to Mrs. Dewey.

"I'll get the sugar-bowl," said Mrs. Dewey faintly, not taking the proffered glass.

"Come here, 'Dolphus!" commanded Mrs. Pike when Mrs. Dewey returned with the sugar. She put three spoonfuls in his glass, and three in her own. She added another to her own before relinquishing the spoon. "I like my lemonade pretty sweet," she said severely. "Them that likes it sour's welcome t' drink it that way, but for me, sweet or not at all, I say." Helping herself to six of the wafers, she settled back in her chair with a little sigh, only to lean forward again. "I guess you'll have to get



me a spoon, Milandy. I can't very well stir it with my fingers."

Mrs. Dewey returned with the spoons, and Mrs. Pike looked at hers sharply.

"N," she read, gazing at the engraved handle. "What's 'N' stand for? Your name was Milandy Brown before you was married. I don't see where the 'N' comes in."

"Don't you?" asked Mrs. Dewey. "Well, it's a little joke. You'd understand if you were told, and maybe some day we'll tell you. But it's too long a story now."

"I've heard o' people stayin' at hotels takin' spoons for keepsakes," continued Mrs. Pike relentlessly, looking sharply at her hostess. "I sh'd call it stealin', myself," she added, not removing her stern glance from Mrs. Dewey's reddening face.

Then the telephone bell rang. The Pikes listened eagerly while Dewey went to answer it.

"Yes, this is Dewey," they heard him say. "What's that? A fire! A dozen houses all ablaze! Round the corner a few blocks? My! my! isn't that awful! Two killed, you say? What? *Twenty-two*? Oh, that's awful! Yes, indeed! Yes. That's terrible! Still burning, you say? No, I can't go out; that throat trouble, you know. My, it's awful! New houses catch-

ing fire all the time, you say? Terrible! Well, I hope it won't reach this block. Guess it won't if it's three blocks away. Much obliged for telling me."

★ When Dewey returned to the parlor Mr. Pike had his boots on, and Mrs. Pike, her waist once more buttoned up, was putting on her hat. Intense excitement was on their faces.

"Which way'd he say 'twas?" Pike asked.

"Round the corner a few blocks," Dewey answered, with an indefinite jerk of his thumb.

"Come on, mother; we'll find it!" shouted Pike, and dashed out the door with Mrs. Pike close at his heels.

Mrs. Dewey watched them hurry to the corner and disappear, while Dewey sought the Bruces.

"We must work fast," Bruce said, coming in. "No knowing how soon they'll be back. Dewey, you'd better run down and take your card out of the slide in the letter-box. They might see it. And take the one out of the slide up here on the landing. They haven't seen that one yet, evidently, but they might see it when they come back. Then come in and help me move the piano. Mrs. Dewey, you can take down the pictures, and bring in some from the other



"MY, IT'S AWFUL! NEW HOUSES CATCHING FIRE ALL THE TIME, YOU SAY? TERRIBLE!"

## Expelling the Pikes

rooms, while Mary moves the bric-à-brac and things out." While giving his orders, Bruce was rolling the Morris-chair into the dining-room. He brought back a couple of dining-room chairs, and carried out a rocker. When Dewey returned, the two rolled the piano across the room and shifted the position of the davenport.

Inside of ten minutes the appearance of the room was transformed. Mrs. Bruce had covered the green davenport with a blue-and-white spread, and Bruce had brought some small Baluchistans from the den and a Shiraz from the bedroom and laid them on the large parlor rug, practically hiding it. Several new pictures were on the walls, but none of the old ones. The mahogany and teak-wood tables had been carried out and a mission table from the den brought in.

"Now, Mr. Pike and Madam," quoth Bruce, "we are ready for you."

They did not have long to wait. "Here they come!" called Mrs. Dewey from the window. When the bell rang the Deweys were in a hallway closet, out of sight but within earshot. Bruce opened the door.

"Well, I'd like t' know who 'twas telephoned you that pack o' lies! I'd like t' get hold of him!" cried Mrs. Pike irately. "There ain't no fire round here, an' there ain't been none!"

She paused and gazed into Bruce's politely interrogative face.

"No, madam," he said, "I haven't known of a fire in this neighborhood. Were you seeking one?"

Mrs. Pike gasped and gazed hard at him. Meanwhile Pike, who had been looking round the room, nudged her.

"Mother," he said, "ain't we made a mistake? This ain't the Deweys'. Don't you remember? There was a sof' settin' right there 'at I laid down on. An' they had a pianny this side the room 'stead o'

that. Ther ain't anything in the room like what they had. We've made a mistake, mother."

"Don't Mr. and Mis' Dewey live here?" demanded Mrs. Pike, on her face anger, surprise and mystification fighting for mastery.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dewey?" repeated Bruce. "Oh, no. No, indeed! If you look on the card outside you will see who lives here," and he showed them the name, "Mr. Richard Frost Bruce."

"Ain't this number 4552 Cornwall Avenue?"

"Yes, that's the number," Bruce said.

"Well, then, I'd like t' know—" she began.

"But it's easy to make a mistake," interrupted Bruce suavely. "The buildings out this way look a good deal alike. Perhaps you were looking for 4452 or 4652. A mistake of that sort is easily made."

"This ain't the place, mother," reiterated Pike, ill at ease and anxious to depart.

"It looks like it, an' it don't," said Mrs. Pike, gazing about her. "Well, I s'pose we made a mistake, but I don't

see how," and reluctantly she followed Pike down the stairs.

"Rid of them at last!" sighed Mrs. Dewey, coming from the closet. "Now we must help get your things in place again."

"Oh, don't hurry," cautioned Bruce. "They may be back. She didn't seem more than half convinced."

Not long after the bell rang again. It was the Pikes.

"Oh, it's still you, is it?" Mrs. Pike said in a dissatisfied tone.

"Yes, it's still me," Bruce answered politely. "The indications are that it will remain me for some time. I notice that it is still you, too."

"Don't get sassy, young man," warned



"NO, MADAM," HE SAID, "I HAVEN'T KNOWN OF A FIRE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD"

the lady. "We can't find the Deweys' flat. This looks jest like it, 'cept the furniture an' things is different. We didn't know when we come back but they lived here an' you lived somewheres else. I mean we thought mebbe we made a mistake the last time, but was right this time."

"Ah," Bruce said, turning to Mr. Pike. "Her mind wanders, I see. If you are her keeper, sir, I would suggest that you take her back to the asylum. We don't want to have to call the police and shall be obliged

to if you don't take her away at once. She seems to be the victim of a strange hallucination. My wife is timid in the presence of crazy people, so you mustn't let her come back again. If you do we shall have to call the police."

"Yes, sir, I won't let her come back again; I tried to stop her this time, but couldn't," answered Adolphus, and with awed and frightened faces they went down the stairway, while Bruce stood smiling and bowing on the landing above.



## The Lecture in the Lady Gay

A New "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



MOST likely," remarked the Old Cattleman, spearing at me with his pipe-stem to invoke attention, "you never is aware of it none, but the thing that wearies the West as a region plumb to death is the onlicensed air of patronage an' high conceit adopted towards it by the East. Which it's this yere, on-doubted, that eggs us on, when we plays it so low down on Professor De Puff it sends that phreenol'gist scamperin' an' skally-hootin' into Tucson all spraddled out, eyes protroodin' like the horns on a yearlin' bull—which you could knock 'em off with a club—to go pantin' forth a white-faced tale of how Wolfville's done been abolished in consoomin' flames an' smoke. For myse'f, I always attribyootes this yere Eastern

conceit to ignorance that a-way, a attitood wharin I'm sustained by Doc Peets.

"The yawnin' peril to this nation," says Peets, as we're loiterin' over our drinks at the Red Light one evenin', 'is the ignorance of the East. Thar's folks back thar, 'speshully in Noo York, who, with their oninstructed backs to the settin' sun, don't even know thar is a West. Likewise, they're proud as peacocks of their want of knowledge. They'd feel plenty ashamed to be caught knowin' anything on the Rocky Mountain side of the Hudson River.'

"Is Peets deep? Son, you astounds me! Solomon could have made the killin' of his c'reer by simply goin' to school to Peets. That scientist is equal to everything except the imposs'ble. An' when it comes to philosophic deductions that a-way, you're jestified in spreadin' your swell bets on whatever Peets hands out.

## The Lecture in the Lady Gay

"As sheddin' a ray, let me step one side of the direct trail of this yere narrative to tell you what Peets does. He actchooally re-yoonites Tucson Jennie an' Soap-Suds Sal in bonds of amity, the time they falls out an' gets their mootual horns locked. Walks right up to them contendin' ladies, Peets does, an' reasons with 'em, at a moment when the gamest gent in camp don't dare go near enough to one of 'em to hand her a diamond ring!

"It's this a-way: Soap-Suds Sal, as I reelates former, weds Riley Brooks. Bein' thus moved up into p'sition as a married lady affects Sal; she feels the change, an' takes to puttin' on dog immod'rate. This yere haughtiness provokes Tucson Jennie, who's a wife of sev'ral years standin', an' nacherally she goes to the floor with Sal. Of course you understands I means verbal; thar's nothin' so onladylike as physical voylence.

"Peets happens to be acrost in Red Dog, but Enright despatches Boggs to tell him to come a-runnin'. He looks some doobious, I admits, when he hears.

"Does either of 'em call the other ugly, Nell?" he asks, some anxious, of Faro Nell, who's been hoverin' over the fracas through-out.

"Oh, no," says Nell; "they don't say nothin' about looks."

"Or old?" goes on Peets.

"No," returns Nell, "they ain't got to ages none as yet, but Sal's workin' herse'f up to it."

"Peets heaves a sigh of relief. 'It's all right, gents,' he says, sort o' cl'arin' up. 'I thinks I sees my way through to bring 'em together ag'in in peace an' love.'

"Which Peets does, Missis Rucker an' Faro Nell backin' the play with handkerchiefs to pass Sal an' Tucson Jennie when they bursts into tears.

"Whatever's the matter of the East, Doc?" asks Boggs, that evenin' in the Red Light. "Why should it turn its-fool back on us?"

"The cause, Dan," says Peets, "lies deep in the heart of things. The big trouble with the East is it's not only ignorant, like I says, but ignorant in a pin-head way of se'f-importance. It'll prance forth an' look the West over, towerist fashion, through the distortin' medium of a Pullman-kyar window, an' go back bent double onder the idee it's got the Western picture from fore-

top to fetlock. Also it never seems to enter its egreegious head none that while it's been lookin' the West over, it's been a heap looked over by the West. The East, mental, is onequal to graspin' the great trooth that when you've come clost enough to see a party, you've come clost enough to be seen, an' that about the time you gets onto some deefect in another gent, he's spotted a imperfection or two in you."

"All of which," interjecks Boggs, mighty satisfied, "is plumb loocid an' convincin'."

"The East runs all the risk in this," goes on Peets, measurin' out his little old forty drops. "Nacher demands a equilibriyum. To be ignorant that a-way, is to be in danger; to let folks know more about you than you knows about them is a step towards bein' enslaved. Shore, people ain't sent to jail half so much for what they do as for what they fail to know. To keep yourse'f plenty posted is the price of liberty."

"That's whatever!" coincides Boggs, who's as faithful to all Peets says as a younger brother.

"Moreover, Dan," concloods Peets, "never make the Eastern mistake of imaginin' you've got the only kodak on the lawn. While the East is snappin' the West, the West is capturin' the East for unlimited plates, the merest glimpse of which would send that besotted corner of the yooniverse tumblin' from its perch. Likewise, it would tharafter roost a mighty sight nearer the ground."

"This yere Professor De Puff is a case in Eastern p'int. Enright an' Peets is both away from camp when he drifts in; Peets has gone romancin' over to Prescott, while Enright's trackin' 'round up towards Albuquerque about a cattle deal. Which the commoonal scarc'ty of them gents is jest as well; mighty likely, if present, they deplores the way we wrings amoosement from that phreenol'gist, an' wet-blankets the play a lot.

"It's at supper in the O. K. Restauraw that the professor begins to reap the benefit of our s'ciety. We-all scouts him up an' down out of the corners of our eyes, an' I must say his looks is ag'inst him. He's got a head like a melon, an' tilts his sooper-cilious nose as though he smells a orchard. Also, his expression's as sour an' sodden an' cold as a clay farm in the month of March. It's cl'ar, too, he regyards us as mere four-laiaged beasts of the field, whose meeger

stock of information is confined to the knowledge that we're alive.

"While Rucker is slammin' viands onto the table—Missis Rucker redooes Rucker to the ignoble status of a waiter, after she recovers him back from the Apaches that time—the professor's glance goes rovin', some lofty, from one to the other of us, his manner bespeakin' disdain. Final, he sort o' culm'nates on Old Monte, who's down by the end of the table with Boggs.

"You're married?" says he, by way of breakin' ground for a talk, p'intin' meanwhile at Old Monte with a three-tine fork.

"Married?" returns Old Monte, gettin' sort o' sore.

"That's the substance of my reemark," observes the professor.

"Well, you go bet the limit, sport," says Old Monte, harpoonin' a slice of ham plenty dext'rous, 'that any story you hears about me bein' married is exaggerated.'

"Thar's no guessin' what the professor is aimin' at in them observations, Texas Thompson breakin' in with a interruption. Texas is camped next to the professor. Also the milk that Missis Rucker is lavishin' on us is of the condensed variety. Which, strange as it may break on tenderfoot y'ears, the three sparse things in a cow-country is butter, beef, an' milk; that is, shore-enough milk. Of this yere stringy, condensed, patent-office kind thar's plenty an' to spar'.

"In the present instance, from the suspicious way the professor dallies with that invention, it's plain he's never before been put up ag'inst condensed milk. Thar's a band of burros, with bed-slat ribs an' all mighty onkempt, vis'ble out of the open window, the same belongin' to a Greaser who's brought Missis Rucker a layout of mesquit-roots for her stove. Texas takes advantage of this. He tastes the milk kind o' resentful, an' then p'intedly surveys the band of burros. At last, like his mind's made up, he leans acrost to Cherokee, an' says some fierce:

"The management of this yere hash-j'int is either goin' to feed them burros more nootritious food or I'll shore inaugurate a s'ciety for the preevention of crooelty to boarders. This yere milk is onfit for hooman consumption; it tastes prickly, like it's full of cactus thorns."

"Oh, I don't know," responds Cherokee, in his p'lte way. 'Which this milk seems

good to me. Anyhow, you can't tell nothin' by them burros' exterior.'

"Texas keeps on tastin' an' grumblin' an' allowin' thar's somethin' off color about that milk. 'Does it hit you right, pard?' he asks at last, comin' round on the professor. 'You bein' direct from the East, your palate's not so benumbed an' coarse as ours.'

"While Texas is sizin' up them burros an' carryin' on so plumb bilious about the milk, the professor's eyes begins to roll oneasy; he's gettin' pale as a candle, an' faded about the corners of his mouth. As Texas tenders the condensed milk, he starts back as horrified as if it's a t'rant'ler.

"Me?" he exclaims, givin' a shudderin' glance at the frowzy, bed-slat burros. 'I never assim'lates so much as a drop of that lacteel flood!' Then he sighs an' shudders some more, all plenty reepugnant, an' says doleful, 'This is a wretched reepast!'

"Wretched?" yells Boggs, from down at the end, 'wretched? What miscreent allows this yere reepast is wretched? As a day-in-an'-day-out guest at this yere car-vansary, I demands he be p'inted out.'

"No offense is designed, sir," says the professor, some shook, Boggs bein' that big an' vehement; 'an' I appeals to you, as a onbiased gent, if I'm justified in all honesty in namin' this a best reepast?'

"Well," replies Boggs, lettin' on he's strugglin' to hold himse'f down, 'I don't want to crowd no sport's hand in defiance of his conscience. Let me put a question, meanwhile warnin' you-all that in so doin' I'm taxin' my sens'ibilities to the utmost. Assoomin', as you says—yere Boggs leans his elbows on the table, an' gazes at the professor plumb sinister—that the bounties now freightin' this yere board comprises a wretched reepast, I asks, in all forbearance, be you willin' to confess it's still the best wretched reepast you ever tackles?'

"Yes," replies the professor, after a pause, an' speakin' slow an' worried, 'I thinks I may adopt your verbiage, an' deescribe it as the best wretched reepast of which I recollects.'

"Boggs he'ps himse'f to some can tomatters like he's satisfied, while the professor softly shoves his cha'r back an' withdraws. Later, I sees him t'arin' into smoked herin's an' crackers in the New York Store.

"It's Missis Rucker who onfolds how the professor's goin' to give a lecture on phree-



no'gy. 'He's monstrous sagacious that a-way,' says Missis Rucker, 'an' can lay bar' any individyooal's past, present, or footure by simply feelin' his bumps a whole lot. I believes it, too, for I recalls hearin' Doc Peets say thar's a heap in phreeno'gy. I reckons I'll have him thumb Rucker's head some. My husband's always been a puzzle to me, an' yere's a chance to solve the myst'ry of him.'

"Then we may expect you at the exercises this evenin'?" reemarks Boggs, lookin' disapp'inted.

"No," says Missis Rucker, 'I regrets I can't come none. Little Enright Peets is took with the measles, an' Jen invites me an' Nell yere to come over after supper, for comfort an' consultations. I'll ask Dave Tutt to take Rucker, an' ride herd on him while the professor makes a round-up of his bumps. He'll write out what he finds on a chart, so yereafter I has it ever handy when Rucker develops a new kink, that a-way.'

"This all happens 'way back in the earlier hours of the camp, when Wolfville's in its swaddlin'-clothes. The professor, spyin' about for a hall, pitches on what's left of the old Lady Gay S'loon. Which said structchoor is that edifice of barn-boards an' sixteen-ounce tent-cloth our long-ago colonel slams up, when he opens that rival shop alongside Hamilton's dance-hall, an' meanly seeks to maverick the latter gent's toones an' pull off fandangoes to the stolen strains of his fiddles. As you remembers, that pestif'rous colonel economist don't last; an' when the professor shows up thar's his empty shebang precisely like he leaves it. Bein' a money-savin' soul, an' seein' he gets the Lady Gay for nothin', the professor announces he'll lecture, what he calls 'give a readin',' tharin. The excitement is schedyooled for second drink-time in the evenin'.

"By behests of Missis Rucker, delivered before her an' Faro Nell lines out to see about them measles little Enright Peets is sufferin' with, Rucker packs in a table an' all the cha'rs from the O. K. House, by way of fittin' up the Lady Gay for the professor. The table's up front, with a karosene lamp an' a skull, the skull constitootin' part of the professor's reg'lar layout. Thar's four other karosene lamps about the walls, which gives plenty of light, an' all a heap sumptuous.

"Jack Moore, who, in the absence of

Enright an' Peets, puts it up he'll preeside by virchoo of his office as kettle-tender, takes a seat at the table with the professor. Bein' seated, he scowls about in a forbidden way, an' reequests order to prevail. 'You murderers set plumb quiet now,' says Jack, layin' his two guns on the table with a deal of clatter, 'or I'll mow you down in red an' smokin' swaths. Meanwhile, let me introduce to your fav'able notice one whose name as scientist, savant, an' gent, by every fireside between the oceans, is a household word. I need skurcely say I alloodes to the lecturer of the evenin', the cel'brated Professor De Bluff.'

"Not Bluff," whispers the professor, mighty piteous; 'Puff.'

"Shore! I begs pardon," says Jack. 'Puff, of course.' Then, to us out in the cha'rs: 'I gets my stack down wrong, gents; allow me to present Professor De Puff. His lecture is to be on "Heads, an' Heads in Gen'ral," the same 'llustrated by a public readin' of the bumps of Mister Rucker.'

"The professor gazes askance at Jack's guns, an' rises to his feet. 'I was promised,' he says, 'a subject for this evenin's experiment—a Mister Rucker. May I ask is thar a Mister Rucker with us?'

"Yere's your victim," says Tutt, shovin' Rucker to the front by the scruff of his neck, Rucker twistin' an' turnin' like a mortified wildcat tryin' to get at Tutt. 'Thar's the abandoned wretch!' goes on Tutt, flingin' Rucker into a seat like he's a bag of bran. 'Paw the old profligate over, an' give a waitin' public the results.'

"The professor puts a good face on it, though he's appalled by Tutt's voylence. He steps to the end of the table where Rucker's been planted, an' is organizin' to begin when Boggs climbs to his feet.

"Mister Cha'rman," says Boggs, 'prior to this learned shorthorn soilin' his fingers on the head of that low-down spec'men of the peasantry which Mister Tutt has jest drug up, I'd like him to give me the troo inwardness of a bump of onyoosual magnitooe, which I myse'f possesses.'

"Speakin' personal," returns Jack, 'I certainly offers no objections. Which if Professor De Snuff—I asks your forb'arance, I should say Puff—is willin' to waste his time on sech felons as you, he may do so. Only—yere Jack p'int's his finger at Boggs plenty om'nous—'don't onbelt in any rannikaboo breaks. You

knows my offishul motto: "Corpses is models of quietood an' good order."

"Upon Boggs's comin' up to the table, the professor, who's been set breathin' rather quick by Jack's fulm'nations, allows he's plumb willin' to consider Boggs's case. The day before, in comin' over a swell at a hand-gallop, Boggs's pony gets its laig in a badger-hole, an' it an' Boggs goes rollin' down hill all tangled up. In scramblin' to its four hoofs, the pony raps Boggs on the top of the head some emphatic with its knee, an' leaves a lump the size of a lemon. Which it's this yere excrescence Boggs submits to the professor.

"Cut loose," says Boggs, "an' give this yere enlightened gatherin' the froots of your manipyoollations."

"That's the bump of firmness," says the professor, fingerin' away at Boggs's head. "You're as immov'ble as the everlastin' hills. The deevlopment is wonderful."

"Firmness!" says Boggs. "Immov'ble! Well, I should say as much! Gibraltar's on wheels to me! Likewise, let me offer con-gratchoolations, Professor, on your perspicac'ity. That swellin', which you reads like a printed page in one whirl of the wheel, baffles an' sets at naught the best intellocks of two hem'spheres."

"Boggs grasps the professor's hand, who yields the same reluctant, an' is preparin' to say more when Cherokee speaks up.

"Mr. Pres'dent," he says, "I shore trusts you'll dismiss to his proper seat that drunken boor with the swellin' on his head, an' forbid him to annoy this assemblage no further."

"Boggs whirls on Cherokee like a insulted grizzly, but before he can make a reply, Jack comes down on him with a cocked Colt's 45.

"That'll do," says Jack. "Another yelp, an' I'll blow your light out. Don't forget that the day so far has proved for me a barren one; I ain't beefed no one none yet."

"As Boggs reetires in silence to his seat, Jack lays down his weepoon ag'in, an' waves his hand towards the professor. "Professor De Guff—I means Puff—will now proceed with the deal," he says. Then, to the professor: "Get busy with that old mule-thief's cocoanut before these yere out-laws makes another start. If possible, I'd shore admire to go through the evenin' without bumpin' somebody off."

"Mr. Cha'rman an' gents," says the

professor, restin' one hand aff'bly on Rucker's shoulder—"I wish I could also add "ladies," but sech is out of the question, since none of the gentler sex is with us this evenin', havin' been called as ministerin' angels to the pillow of infantile sickness. However, as I was sayin', Mr. Pres'dent an' gents, phreenol'gy, of which I may say I'm a loominous exponent, receives its earlier impulse as a science onder the astoote auspices of a philos'pher named Fowler. Perhaps I best demonstrates the poss'bilites of phreenol'gy by proceedin' without further delays to a examination of the craniyum of Mister Rucker, who's been con-treebooted for that purpose by his esteemable wife."

"Yere the professor plays over Rucker's head with his fingers, same as if it's the keyboard of a piano. At last he looks up, confident an' cheerful, an' says:

"Correct me if I'm wrong, gents. My investigations pronounces this yere craniyum to be that of a congen'tal crim'nal intensified by drink."

"Who you callin' a crim'nal?" demands Rucker in hurt tones.

"Now don't you go to runnin' any blazers!" breaks in Jack, addressin' Rucker an' reachin' for his six-shooters. "Who's he callin' a crim'nal? Which he's callin' you a crim'nal; an', considerin' how you steals them mules up by Fort Union, I holds it's a mighty legit'mate epithet."

"But I never steals no private mules," protests pore Rucker. "Them mules is gov'ment mules; I gets 'em off a ambyoolance—four of 'em."

"None the less," says Jack, "speakin' technicle it's crim'nal. Professor De Muff's—excoose me, Puff's—entirely ackerate in his employment of terms. Roll your game, Professor. Don't mind the subject; he's locoed an' never has no sense nohow."

"Rucker glowers at Jack, but don't say nothin', an' the professor resoomes his discourse.

"As I was sayin'," observes the professor; "this yere 's the head of a born crim'nal intensified by drink, an' the words is hardly out of my mouth when they receives flatterin' corrob'ration, an' it's shown how this onmitigated bandit' purloins a quartet of mules."

"Mr. Cha'rman," breaks in Texas, "I rises to a question of priv'lege. Which if this yere jacklaig phreenol'gist is goin' to

give evidence of any mule larcenies, I demands he be sworn. Low an' onworthy as Rucker is, he all the same's got his rights.'

"An' I gives notice right yere," shouts Tutt, leapin' to his feet an' makin' a lunge to get at Texas, the same bein' frustrated by Cherokee, who holds him back, 'that I pays my four bits at the door to hear the lucyoo-brations of this bump-sharp, an' I don't propose bein' swindled out of 'em by no noisy an' resoundin' four-flusher from Texas. Cherokee, let me go! Which nothin' but his heart 'll do me now!'

"Set down, both of you tarrapins!" roars Jack. 'Be you seekin' to coerce me into sheddin' blood? Set down, or I'll fill you both as full of lead as Joplin an' Galena! Which I won't tell you ag'in! Professor De Stuff, or Puff, or Muff, or whatever his brand is, 'll have a fine story to carry East about the manners of this camp! A passel of Digger Injuns is Chesterfields to you prairie-dawgs!'

"This yere last outburst between Tutt an' Texas so discourages the professor he allows he reckons he'll pack in. 'It seems imposs'ble to go on,' he says, 'an' we every moment on the verge of spillin' hooman life. Which we're as ones balanced on the brink of a precipice drippin' gore! Wharfore, I thinks I'll end my lecture before murder ensoos. Shorely, it's better thus.'

"I thinks not," returns Jack, grim an' prompt. 'If you-all figgers, Professor, this outfit's that soopine as to let you announce a phreenol'gy lecture, win out four bits per capitty at the door, undertake a readin' of Rucker's head, an' then, when you've got the old ruffian half expounded that a-way an' our cur'osity keyed to concert pitch, fold up your layout an' pull your freight, your estimates of us is erroneous to the frontiers of the false. Thar's folks gone to the wind-mill with a lariat round their necks for less.'

"Onderstand," hastily exclaims the professor, agitated plumb through by Jack's long speech, the same bein' reeled off with the utmost sperit, 'onderstand, gents, it all rests with you! If it's the gen'ral voice, I'll be only too proud to proceed.'

"You're all right, Professor," speaks up Boggs by way of encouragement. 'Don't let these yere bloviatin' groundlin's buffalo you a little bit. They ain't any of 'em killed more'n ten, nor skelped more'n six. Go on an' toot your horn. Which I'm with you to the death!'

"After a spell, the professor gets his nerves ca'med down, an' cl'ars his throat for a fresh start. Runnin' his hand over the r'ar of Rucker's head, he reemarks:

"Which we comes now to philoprogen'tiveness. In that interestin' connection, I can best explain what I desires to say by tellin' a story. It's back in Topeka in the commonwealth of Kansas, an' I'm examin'in' the cranial deevolpments of a Osage Injun, who's been lured to the evenin's readin's by a one-dollar bill. I ought to impart to you-all that, onder the beenign infloences of a higher edjooation, I not only onfolds as a phreenol'gist, but blossoms, speritchooal, to sech heights I becomes a foremost figger among the age's philanthropists an' a firm believer in the yooniversal brotherhood of man. By the light of this explanation, you perceives, without puttin' me to the blushin' immodesty of statin' the fact in person, that I deetects no difference in races, but treats a Injun exactly the same as if he's a white man.'

"Hold on!" says Tutt. 'Mr. Cha'r-man, I cannot let sech sent'ments pass. Lest what the learned sport jest utters has mal-effects on the younger elements of this gatherin', I rises to say that treatin' a Injun as if he's a white man is like treatin' a coyote as if he's a collie dog. Beautiful as a abstraction, it cannot be applied to a sheep-country.'

"As mod'rator of this meetin',' observes Jack, beatin' on the table with one of his guns, same as he's seen Enright, 'if I don't exert the full majesty of my p'sition and put the kibosh on the gent who's jest broke loose, it's because I agrees heart an' soul with his reemarks. Which Injuns is shore p'isen; an' every right-thinkin' husband, brother, son, an' father 'll employ his leasure in downin' all he can. Havin' deefined myse'f, an' added the mite of my pore endorsements to the test'mony of Mister Tutt, we will now rack along with the play. Professor De Stuff—'

"Puff, sir, Puff, if you please!" interrupts the professor in pleadin' tones.

"Didn't I say Puff?" asks Jack. 'I shore intends to. However, on with the dance, let joy be unconfin'd. You was speakin' about that Topeka savage, Professor.'

"Thar's present on the stage with me," rebegins the professor, 'a em'nent creole from Noo Orleans.'



"BOGGS'S PONY GETS ITS LAIG IN A BADGER-HOLE. AN' IT AN' BOGGS GOES ROLLIN'  
DOWN HILL ALL TANGLED UP"

## The Lecture in the Lady Gay

"Cree-owl?" repeats Boggs. "In order that I grasps this harangue in its utmost as we goes sashayin' along, let me inquire if cree-owls is same as squinch-owls?"

"What barb'rous onenlightenment!" exclaims Texas, in onmeasured scorn. "Man, a creole ain't no fowl, it's a animal. I ketches one alive once, an' is raisin' it as a pet; but I has to kill it, the neighbors claimin' it keeps 'em awake nights with its howls."

"Go on," says Jack, grindin' his teeth an' bendin' a malignant eye on Boggs an' Texas, "go on with your pesterin'. I sees it comin'. You'll weary me to where I'll massacre you both, or I'm a Siwash!"

"Thar's no tellin' where Boggs an' Texas 'll wind up, if Rucker don't cut in. Scowl-in' up at the professor, he says:

"You-all uses language about me to-night I don't take from no one but my wife. Whatever do you mean by denouncin' me as a congen'tal crim'nal?"

"Softly, friend," replies the professor; "before I'm through, it's my pious purpose to show you how to purify your nacher an' make it white as snow. It's but to prostrate yourse'f at the throne. Hope on. The mercy of heaven is infinite; it forgives the thief on the cross."

"Which you're certainly a compl'mentary galoot," says Rucker in high dudgeon; "an' so soon as ever I escapes from yere, I'll give you a arguooement you'll despise. No sech limber Jim as you is goin' to go on aspersin' me like this, an' live."

"Come, Professor," urges Jack, "get this yere lecture dealt down to the turn. I've app'nted myse'f to onbend in some slaughterin' when you're finished, an' I lusts to commence." Then, to the audience: "Gents, let me labor with you-all for decency an' order. Sev'ral of you is nearin' death, an' it 'll be more seemly if you preeserves some appearance of dignity dooin' your last moments on y'earth. Professor De Scruff—what do I say! Puff—will now unbuckle for the wind-up."

"Well," observes the professor, drawin' a harassed breath, "as I turns to the creole, a person whose name is onimportant—"

"I'm shore sorry to interfere," reemarks Cherokee, as suave as a dancin'-master, "but I fails to gather in that last. What did you say, Professor, is the name of the gent?"

"I says his name is onimportant," observes the professor, plumb desp'rate.

"I knows a party," vouchsafes Boggs, "whose name is Mike Portant; but he's lynched over in Socorro."

"This is too much!" cries Jack, graspin' his artillery. "Everybody fill his hand. I'm the onmixed son of desolation, an' it's yere an' now I enters upon my c'lamitous an' devastatin' march."

"As Jack utters the last word, both his guns go off together, an' the bombardment sets in with a crash. It's a riotous medley of flash an' roar. Every man jack is blazin' away with two six-shooters, the sides an' roof is plugged as full of holes as a colander, an' the effect is all that could be wished. With the first shot, all the lamps blinks out; thar we be in the dark—a powder-smokin' pandemonium of gunfire an' uproar!

"As the foosillade fetches loose, the professor gives one desparin' yell an' starts to plow his way through. Pistols bark an' spit about his shrinkin' y'ears, an' each time it augments his enthoosiasm. Slight an' paper-backed as he is, under the spur of a great desire he parts the crowd like water, breshin' aside sech minor obstructions as Boggs an' Tutt an' Texas as though they're no more'n shadows. In the end he escapes, howlin' an' screechin', into the street. No, he don't eemerge through no door; he's got 'way beyond doors. He simply t'ars the entire front out of the old Lady Gay, an' vanishes into the night. We marks his flight by y'ear. He gets further an' further off towards the north, runnin' like a antelope, evolvin' a screech with every leap, an' leavin' a screamin' tail like a vocal comet behind.

"This yere," says Boggs in his whole-souled hearty way, as he desists from his labors, "constitootes what I regyards as a perfect evenin'. I now moves we rendesvoos at the Red Light without annoyin' delays. Which this yere saltpeter in the atmosphere shore renders me as dry as a powder-horn."

"It's absolooto ver'ty, gents," declar's the professor, a heap breathless, to them sports in Tucson, which meetrop'lis he reaches next evenin'. "That onbaptized group of murderers an' man-eaters called Wolfville is no more. I stays till the last, an' makes a nose-to-nose count of the corpses. It's as I tells you: forty dead an' fourteen hundred wounded past recovery."





## Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

### Some Negligible Epigrams

IT IS NOT to our credit that women like best the men who are not as other men, nor to theirs that they are not particular as to the nature of the difference.

IN THE JOURNEY of life when thy shadow falls to the eastward stop until it falls to the westward. Thou art then at thy destination.

SEEK not for happiness—'tis known  
To hope and memory alone;  
At dawn—how bright the noon will be!  
At eve—how fair it glowed, ah, me!

BRAIN WAS given to test the heart's credibility as a witness, yet the philosopher's lady is almost as fine as the clown's wench.

"WHO ART thou, so sorrowful?"

"Ingratitude. It saddens me to look upon the devastations of Benevolence."

"Then veil thine eyes, for I am Benevolence."

"Wretch! thou art my father and my mother."

DEATH is the only prosperity that we neither desire for ourselves nor resent in others.

TO THE small part of ignorance that we can arrange and classify we give the name Knowledge.

"I WISH to enter," said the soul of the voluptuary. "I am told that all the beautiful women are here."

"Enter," said Satan, and the soul of the voluptuary passed in.

"They make the place what it is," added Satan, as the gates clanged.

IF WOMEN knew themselves the fact that men do not know them would flatter them less and content them more.

THE ANGEL with the flaming sword slept at his post, and Eve slipped back into the Garden. "Thank Heaven, I am again in paradise!" said Adam.

### The Writer Folk

THE REAPPOINTMENT of Wu Ting Fang as China's minister at Washington is not altogether welcome to those who think that a diplomatist in a foreign capital should be as reticent as the parrot of the anecdote, which was "a devil to think." When Mr. Wu was in this country before, he was so tart with his tongue and pen that a Washington journalist with whom he was in controversy about the Boxer troubles solemnly called on the Administration to arrest him and cut off his sleeves.

MR. H. W. BOYNTON says of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "Ten years from now he will, no doubt, be well on his way toward oblivion."

Be warned, O ye who in oblivion dwell:  
Shaw's coming—fly to a more hidden hell!

CALIFORNIA recently had an "Ina Coolbrith day," celebrated chiefly by metrical tributes to the lady's literary worth by the local writer-folk, who seem to have done their magnanimous best to show that she is not merely the leading Californian poet but the only one.

TENNYSON has now been dead so long that the small scamps of biography begin to feel sure that he is not coming back, so they are fearlessly sensitizing their auditory

nerves to hear a voice from heaven saying, "Write and be hanged!" But the voice is not Tennyson's, and if it were the words would be not permissive but admonitory. For the few years of immunity from the anecdotards let us be truly thankful—thankful, too, that before the rising rivers of Tennysonianism shall have rolled their full wealth of dead dogs to the sea of letters most of us will have been called Inland to our reward. Meantime one notes with a shudder the publication of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's book, "Alfred Tennyson," which is said to be "rich in anecdote." Mr. Benson, who is an Englishman, appears to be one of those persons whom the late laureate, ere death had thrown him to the mice, used to call "appetites."

THE MARY E. COLERIDGE whose poetry the British press is talking about had a granduncle who also wrote verses. His name was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A person of consequence having a dead granduncle is very likely to draw that old gentleman's remains into the lime-light of public attention—as in the instance of Secretary Bonaparte.

IN ORDER to spare myself an impossible correspondence I beg leave to state here that the address of Mr. George Sterling, the poet, is Carmel, California, and that the latest edition of his book, "The Testimony of the Suns," is published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Now let us have peace, and if we cannot have peace let us have as much peace as we can.

THE LATEST example of the dehorned classic is "The Iliad for Boys and Girls," by the Rev. A. J. Church. Return him to his asylum—there may be a reward.

IF THERE are still some unpublished private letters of Lafcadio Hearn it is to be hoped that they will be made to "see the light" forthwith, in order that his laundry-lists may be reached during the lifetime of the present generation. It is possible that the key to his character and writings will be revealed in the apparently fortuitous but really orderly succession of his inner habiliments.

THE ATTITUDE of this country toward poetry was fairly well shown in the recent political canvass in San Francisco. The mayor, a candidate for reelection, is the

author of much verse of a high and serious character, which most of its readers regard as poetry, and for which, therefore, they should respect and admire him. On the contrary, during the entire canvass his addiction to the verse habit was treated as a weakness and a disqualification, diligently ignored by his supporters and ridiculed by his opponents. Indubitably it lost him thousands of votes. Yet literature is man's highest and noblest vocation, and poetry is its veritable fruit and flower. Compared with a great poet, any other great man is a toad.

A GOOD companion volume to "The Thinking Machine" might deal with the adventures and love-affairs of the talking-machine. An appropriate title would be "The Audible Morning-Glory," and the cover design might show a phonograph talking at a dog. The reader would be the dog.

DOUBTLESS it is possible to write a book-review without using the word "appeal" more than twice in every paragraph, but doubtless nobody in our time tries to do so. In the example that I have in mind this senseless word occurs no fewer than seventeen times. True, there are nine paragraphs, but the paragraphing is so obviously done by the printer that the work is not a fair sample. By the way, a book that "appeals to the best that is in us" (as the one under the critic's observation is said to do) will commonly find that the appellate court is not in session.

A NOTABLE accession to the literature of baseball is "Making the Freshman Team," by F. Truxton Hare. From the point of view of one who knows nothing of baseball Mr. Hare appears to know nothing of anything else.

A PRETTY good example of art-jargon relates to the pictures in a book, of which it is said that "something of the clear air of the South seems to fill the spaces of the colored plates, and to harmonize the values of the other illustrations."

FROM A STORY in the Christmas number of an old and respected magazine:

"Once as she looked at her boy her eyeballs exuded a film of moisture. Miss Clarkson interpreted this phenomenon rightly."

